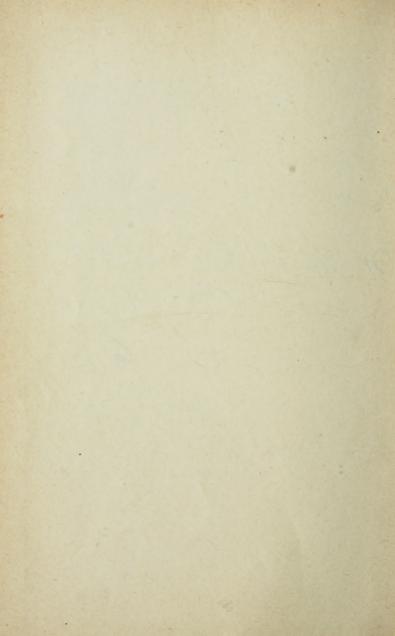




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POEMS

OF

ALFRED TENNYSON

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

This volume contains the selection of the poems of Alfred Tennyson prescribed as part of the requirements for careful study in English Literature for the examinations for Teachers and University Matriculation in 1907. The editor has endeavoured to bring together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students may require for the thorough study of the poetry it contains.

The text of the poems is drawn from Macmillan's Globe edition of Tennyson's Works, which represents the poet's last revision. Variant readings from earlier editions are cited in the notes and will be found of value in the study of what constitutes effective expression. The Notes are full, but they aim not so much to satisfy the student of these selections as to open up various veins of interest which may be profitably worked in class-room study. Special attention is given, because of their importance in Tennyson's art, to the metres of the poems.

The Appendix contains many poems that furnish interesting comparisons with the prescribed selections, but in the main it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study without the aid of notes.

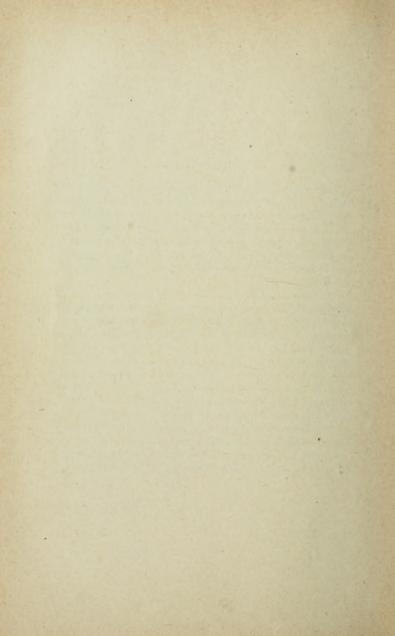


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ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892.



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INTRODUCTION.

I.—Tennyson: His Life.

In Somersby. A little wooded hamlet in eastern Lincolnshire; behind, the white road climbing up to Thetford and the wolds; below, the brook slipping down past many a thorp off to the North Sea; pasture land about, dotted with sheep; misty hills afar-off; such is Somersby. As you come into the village by the hedge-row road winding upward from Horncastle, you see only one house of importance. It is a large rambling two-story house, with tiled roof and white walls, standing amidst

elms and poplars, and overlooking from its side windows a quiet secluded lawn, edged with yews. This house in the early years of the nineteenth century was the rectory of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, vicar of the hamlet of Grimsby, Bag Enderby, and Somersby. He was a just, austere man, gifted in many ways, fond of music, a mathematician, linguist and artist. If rather a hard man, even in bargains, his hardness was compensated for in the family circle by the tenderness of his wife, daughter of the vicar of the neighbouring town of Louth.

The rectory was large, but it was none too large for the children that came to fill it -four daughters and eight sons-of whom the fourth, born August 6th, 1809, was Alfred Tennyson. The family were all given to books. No sooner did the boys learn to write than they played author; and essays, poems, novels, tragedies were the story of their boyhood. Alfred composed his first line of poetry before he could read. During a storm he was heard declaiming-"I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." He wrote his first verses when a bit of a schoolboy at Louth; they were about the flowers of the garden. "Yes, you can write," said his brother Charles. He wrote an elegy on his grandmother, and his grandfather, giving him ten shillings, said with the wisdom of age, "There, that is the first money you have

earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." His facility in those early days was wonderful: he was not twelve years old when he completed an epic of some four thousand lines—even the mature poet was not so ambitious. And a passionate devotion to poetry possessed him. When the news of Byron's death penetrated into that remote household, it came with a thrill of infinite grief the poet never forgot. "'Byron was dead!' I thought the whole world was at an end. I thought everything was over and finished for everyone—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone." One thinks of Iane Welsh away in the north and the "awful and dreary blank" that came over creation when she heard the same words.

As the boys grew up they walked to the village-school of Holywell Glen, a spot beautiful with trees and terraced rocks. Still later they were sent to the grammar-school of Louth. Leaving Louth at the age of eleven, Tennyson was for eight years home in Somersby, studying with tutors, reading and writing prodigiously, going over to Horncastle for music and to meet one who afterwards became his wife, Miss Emily Sellwood, niece of Sir John Franklin. Then there were the long tramps over the wolds, all the boys smoking; reveries under the stars

or in the twilight—"He would sit on a gate gawmin' about him," said farmer Baumber; the winter evenings passed by the family in music and reading. The summers were spent down at a little sea-side cottage at Mablethorpe, in full view of the fens, where—

"Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh," and of the

"Wild wave in the wide North Sea Green-glimmering towards the summit."

How all this pervades Tennyson's poetry; how it streams back to him in memory,—the 'ridged wolds,' 'the sand-built ridge,' the 'lowly cottage,'—

"The woods that belt the grey hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress, and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves."

-Ode to Memory.

Such memories never vanished; in the susceptible, tenacious mind of the poet they linger, welling up with fountain-like strength and freshness forever.

Early authorship. In 1827 the eldest son, Frederick, went up to Cambridge, leaving Charles and Alfred to carry on their devotion to reading, rambling, smoking, and poetry. Once, as the old nurse relates, they planned

a distant expedition that called for more money than the tight purse of the father would allow. Why not print your poems, their confidant, the coachman, suggested. Out of the litter of MSS. they culled a hundred pages of boyish verse imitative of Byron and Scott, called the collection *Poems by Two Brothers*, sold it to a Louth



SOMERSBY CHURCH.

bookseller, and, rich with £10 for the copyright. set off on their projected tour through the Lincolnshire churches.

At Cambridge University. On October 28th, 1828. Charles and Alfred joined Frederick at Cambridge. They were shy country lads, with no liking for society or for sports and interests usual in university life. Alfred, however, be-

came a member of a small society of choice spirits, which, under the name of the Apostles, brought together a dozen students, every one of whom became afterwards famous in law, letters, or the church. Such were Alford, Merivale, Milnes, Trench, Maurice, Spedding, and, above all, Arthur Hallam, younger than Tennyson, a singularly sweet and brilliant genius, "as near perfection," said his friend, "as mortal man can be."

"We held debate, a band Of youthful friends, on mind and art, And labour, and the changing mart, And all the framework of the land."

-In Memoriam.

Tennyson, though an Apostle, did not cease to be a disciple of the muses. The Chancellor's prize, the goal of ambition of all the college poets, fell to him in 1829 for his verses on "Timbuctoo." He wrote steadily, gladly reading aloud his poems to friends dropping in at his rooms evenings.

Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, 1830. Thus was the material made ready for the poet's first volume, the thin precious little book called *Poems*, chiefly Lyrical, 1830. Here were contained his memories of home scenes like *The Ode to Memory* and Recollections of the Arabian Nights, his youthful romance like Claribel, Lilian, The Sleeping

Beauty, The Dying Swan, etc. Here was the advent of a new poet; one who had, to cite Hallam, luxuriance of imagination, yet control over it, power of entering into ideal characters and moods, picturesque delineation of objects, holding them fused in strong emotion, variety of lyrical measures, responsive to every changing feeling; elevation, soberness, impressiveness of thought. But the tone and manner were new, provoking opposition and challenging and receiving criticism. The poets to whom Tennyson's verses were most akin—Wordsworth and Keats—were themselves still unaccepted by the public. Save from a few readers, the poet of 1830 met no acclaim.

In 1830 there was an exciting page of romance when Tennyson, Hallam, and some other Apostles went to Spain to join in the movement against Spanish despotism. Their movement was quixotic, and came to nothing as far as Spanish liberty was concerned; but it did much to cement the friendship of Tennyson and Hallam. This friendship grew closer, even when the poet, on his father's death in 1831, withdrew from Cambridge to his home in Somersby. Hallam and Spedding and Garden would come down to join the family group. That life is recorded, with special regard to Hallam, in *In Memoriam*,—

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon."

In 1831 the bond of friendship was made still stronger by Hallam's engagement to the poet's sister Emily.

Poems, 1833. The following year, when Hallam went up to London and the study of the law, Tennyson remained in Somersby working on his second volume. This time his name appeared, Poems, by Alfred Tennyson, 1833. Here the poet has a subtler and stronger lyrical gift than in his earlier work, and he adds to it an ever deepening grasp of life. Here, too, he enters on three phases of his most characteristic work: reproduction of classical story in the Lotos-Eaters. Arthurian myth in The Lady of Shalott, and the English domestic idyll in The Miller's Daughter.

In London. On September 15th, 1833, Arthur Hallam, who had been long ailing, died abroad. The family at Somersby were plunged in affliction, and Tennyson, whose loss was not less than his sister's, threw himself into work chiefly in London. For ten years he wrote con-

stantly, but with the exception of a stray poem in annual collections, he printed nothing. They were years of silence and meditation that genius must have. They were years of study of the problems of science, life, and society. Some of his college friends were in London, and saw something of the poet either in the gatherings of the Anonymous Club, or dining at the Cock in Fleet Street, "sitting late into the evening over the pint of port and cigars." Carlyle had come up to live in Chelsea, London, and between him and the poet there sprang up a lasting friendship. With Carlyle, "Omar" Fitzgerald, Spedding, and Milnes as associates, Tennyson kept touch with the world; while by an occasional visit or excursion into the country he kept touch with nature.

Poems of 1842. Finally, in 1842, he broke silence with the two volumes of *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. The volumes contained the best poems of the earlier volumes, and many new poems such as *The Epic (Morte d'Arthur)*, *The Gardener's Daughter, Dora, Locksley Hall, Vlysses, Sir Galahad, Break, Break, Break.* In this volume Tennyson fully realized himself—it was representative of his best, of his union of power and sweetness, of his rich pictorial art, and of faith in humanity and in progress. It was received with instant and wide-spread favour, conquering even the critics.

Two pictures of him at this time are given by his two friends, Carlyle and his wife. Jane Welsh Carlyle's is womanly: "A very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gipsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming." But how the poet lives in the portrait Carlyle sent Emerson! "A great shock of rough, dusky-dark hair, bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face. most massive, vet most delicate: of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian - looking: clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy: smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic,—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail. and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe!"

In Memoriam, the laureateship, 1850. Little by little Tennyson's circle of friends increased, embracing even men of political prominence like Gladstone. It was therefore not difficult to secure him a pension of £200 a year, which set him free from anxiety about money. In 1847 The Princess was published, giving the poet's interpretation of the woman question, which had begun to disturb traditional social ideas and order. In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson, not without some hard feelings on the part of the envious, received the

laurel. The same year, after a quiet growth of ten years in the poet's mind, In Memoriam was issued. It was a series of elegies commemorating the loss of Arthur Hallam, and showing the poet's thought involved in the deepest problems of life and religion. The third event of this remarkable year was the poet's marriage—after an engagement prolonged, because of the poet's poverty, for ten years—to his friend of early days, Emily Sellwood. They settled in Twickenham, but removed three years later to their best known home—"Farringford," Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight.

At Farringford. The first work from this new home was Mand, 1855, a tragic love-story reflecting the social unrest of the middle of the century. In the Maud volume were printed The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, The Charge of the Light Brigade, and The Brook. Four years later followed the first volume of the Idylls of the King, based mainly on Malory's Morte d'Arthur, containing Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere. To these were joined subsequently The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre, The Coming of Arthur, The Passing of Arthur, The Last Tournament, and Balin and Balan. The whole series, completed in 1885, constituted an epic on the story of Arthur and his Round Table, in which the many idylls

reflected many phases of a central theme of modern life, the relations of men and women, and their effects on individual lives and on the framework of society. In 1864 Tennyson added to his noble group of English idylls the *Enoch Arden* volume, which included *Aylmer's Field* and the *Northern Farmer*.

The narrative of later years is the story of constant production and of increasing fame. In 1869 the poet, "frightened away by heroworshippers," built a new home on Blackdown, near Haselmere, Surrey, henceforth dividing his time between Farringford and Aldworth. It is from these two residences that he took his title of baron, when in 1884 he accepted the peerage he had before refused.

His dramas. Entering on a form of composition to which he had long been tentatively approaching, Tennyson devoted himself in his remaining years chiefly to dramatic composition. He gave the world Queen Mary, 1875; Harold, 1877; The Falcon, 1879; The Cup, 1881; The Promise of May, 1882; Becket, 1884; The Foresters, 1892,—all of which have been produced on the stage, some with indifferent, others with pronounced success. Scattered through these years of dramatic work were the many short poems that make up the various volumes—Ballads, 1880, which contains the stir-

ring patriotic poems of *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow; Tiresias*, 1885; *Demeter*, 1889; and *The Death of Œnone*, 1892.

Old age came upon the poet with his powers unimpaired, and death found him girt with his singing robe, in his heart faith in progress, in the Gleam, reaching for vaster issues, and strong in hope to meet his Pilot beyond the bar of the great deep. On October 6th, 1892, he passed away.



GRAVE OF TENNYSON IN THE POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



SOMERSBY BROOK.

II.—Tennyson: His Work.

The Victorian era. The Victorian era, dated usually from 1832–1901, was an era of development, expansion, and progress. It began while the ideas of the French Revolution were still glowing. To the youthful Victorians the poetry of the earlier romantic group—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats—was like a radiant dawn. New movements, too, got under way. Science marked its power in 1832 by the founding of the British Association. Religion became a new interest from the beginning of the Oxford movement in 1833. And the clash of science and religion gave rise to a spiritual unrest which is not yet quieted.

The spirit of romance recreated English art from 1849 in the work of the English Pre-Raphaelites-Rossetti, Morris, Burne Jones. The doctrine of women's rights was the last heritage of the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, but its practical application in all phases of human activity belongs to the Victorian era, when a woman held the first place in English life and lent to woman's claims her illustrious prestige. The Victorian era saw the application of steam and electricity to manufacture and communication, an unparalleled development of industries and population, the rise of immense commercial cities, the extension of the British empire to the Seven Seas. The spirit of the era was a spirit of progress and of wide - spread democracy pervading government, education, and social thought, and with democracy there was a growing humanitarianism.

Tennyson as representative poet. Of that era Tennyson is the most representative poet. His work was, as it were, a mirror held up to the movements and interests of his age, and the span of his poetical activity is virtually coincident with the Victorian period. His first book appeared in 1830, his last in 1892; at twenty-one he wrote *Mariana*, at eighty-one he wrote *Crossing the Bar*.

The poet's material. Each great poet read

aright yields us his interpretation of certain great aspects of life and thought, particularly nature, the social movements of humanity, religion, human experience and story, and beauty.

Tennyson and nature. Nature was a primary fact in Tennyson's life and work. His country breeding and his early love of the Romantic poets combined to interest him in nature. was in the habit," said Tennyson, "of chronicling in four or five words or more whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature." He was especially happy in his observation of the minute beauties of nature. He catches the peculiar features of the trees, their aspect in spring-time - the chestnut buds "glistening to the breezy blue" (The Miller's Daughter), "the rosy plumelets of the larch" (In Memoriam), "the million emeralds" breaking from the "ruby-budded" lindens (Maud). He notes innumerable vignettes in nature like those of The Brook, such as-

> "I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows,"

—a picture of rare felicity both for truth and beauty. He touches with power the ocean wave,—

"The league-iong roller thundering on the reef."

—Enoch Arden.

Or, still better,-

"A wild wave in the wide North Sea Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies."

-I auncelot and Flaine

His English idvlls are full of the quiet beauties of lawn and garden and stream.

Tennyson does not share in the spiritual communion with 'nature that was Wordsworth's. nor in the wildness and loneliness of the nature that Byron loved, nor in the ethereal aspects of nature in Shelley. He loves the processes of nature and the pure picturesque. This habit of minute and exact observation of detail makes him akin to the scientists of his time. Indeed. he goes further than any other poet in his interest in the processes of evolution. Hence the significance of his little poem :-

> "Flower in the crannied wall. I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand, Little flower-but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is."

Political and social life. Tennyson expressed his general attitude in political and social changes when he said "I believe in progress, but I would conserve the hopes of men." Throughout his poetry he voices "a golden mean' between the 'falsehoods of extremes.' In the first *Locksley Hall* he is almost revolutionary,—

"Forward, forward let us range, Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

In In Memoriam the cry has grown milder, "Let knowledge grow from more to more."

In Locksley Hall Sixty Years After he became, like Carlyle and Ruskin, reactionary, voicing something like despair of democracy.

In the main Tennyson believed in progress, but it is ordered, not revolutionary, progress. His times were working out democratic changes into law and constitution. He praises England, therefore, for reconciling an expanding liberty with form and precedent,—

"A land of settled government,
A land of old and sure renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

- You ask me Why.

And his patriotism kept pace with the growing empire of Great Britain. In his later poems he touches the note of imperialism—a note of unity not of conquest.

Yet he was never a cosmopolite. He was never generous, never fair to France, nor to the French Revolution—"the red-fool fury of the Seine." He never got quite beyond the shores of England, nor quite beyond the Victorian era. Within these limits he is the devoted poet of his country, her history, her achievements. After Shakspere, he is the greatest patriotic poet of England He has given us the words in which we think of the heroism of the British race—the Charge of the Light Brigade, the deeds of Wellington, the fight of the "Revenge."

"There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be."

-The Foresters.

Tennyson and religion. Tennyson shared like his friends Carlyle, Clough, Maurice, in the reawakened religious consciousness of the Victorian era. But he was no extremist; he sympathized with "honest doubt"; he frankly accepted the growth of science, the theory of evolution, and faced the new problems of life and destiny that evolution forced upon the religious world. In In Memoriam he expressed . his creed. It was a creed of faith, rather than of reason, -the faith of a Christian evolutionist. He believed that through all life's mysteries a divine purpose persists,—that, through the darkness, the world's great altar stairs slope up to God: he saw the movement of the whole creation towards one far-off, divine event: he

trusted "the larger hope" that embraced God, immortality, and the ultimate transformation of evil into good.

Social relations. Above all Tennyson was interested in the relations of men and women in love and marriage. To that his popularity is in a large measure due. Romantic portraits of women made his first poems. His popular successes are his idvllic love-stories in verse. like The Lady of Shalott, which is pure romance, The Miller's Daughter, Dora, The Gardener's Daughter, which are domestic idvlls. He even ventured on a verse treatment of the woman question in The Princess. Here Tennyson was not seer enough to anticipate the great, wholesome development of woman's education, opportunity, and achievements during the last fifty years. The Princess has become therefore. like its prototype Love's Labour's Lost, only a graceful elaboration of fancy, a chain, however, in which its jewelled lyrics forever sparkle.

Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* seem at first reading to be only modernizations of Arthurian romances gathered from Malory's *Morted' Arthur* and from the *Mabinogion*. Looked at nearer, they become his interpretation of society from the point of view of the manifold relations of men and women. Poem by poem through the *Idylls* we see the disintegration of society—the Round Table—through the passion of Lancelot

and Arthur's Queen. For Tennyson's interpretation of right love was eminently sane yet high—it was a romantic devotion reconciled with ordered, noble living. "Upon the sacredness of home life," his son tells us, "he would maintain, the stability and greatness of a nation largely depend."

Tennyson's style. Tennyson's predominant aptitude was his poetic workmanship. Artistic excellence was his conscious creed. "To get the workmanship," he said, "as near perfect as possible is the best chance of going down the stream of time." Virgil's influence and the influence of Keats combined to inspire and guide Tennyson's sedulous care for style. His style is never harsh; he said once he never ended one word with the letter "s," and began the next with the same letter. He decks his verse with highly-wrought intaglios of thought; hence the many quotations from his works. He is a master of representative harmonies - from "the moan of doves in immemorial elms' to the clash of Bedivere's armour. Sometimes, as in Dora and Enoch Arden, he affects the simple. But by nature he loved the ornate, and his power to transform the simple into the ornate was a marvellous gift. To that power we owe the glorious classical reproductions The Lotos-Eaters and his crowning piece Ulysses. The Idylls are marked by a stately diction essentially Tennysonian. The fault of his later style—its tendency to over-elaboration, to hollow ornament, to mere diction—grew out of this fundamental characteristic.

Tennyson's lyrics are among his undisputed great achievements. His power over mere language, the power to reach down by his music of verse into the depths of our sub-consciousness, gives his lyrics a grace and power that put them almost among our best. He blends, in a lower degree, the essential gifts of Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth. His range is wide—from the patriotic ballad like *The Charge of the Light Brigade* to the delicate echo of *Welt-schmerz* in "Tears, idle tears." He is essentially the lyric poet of the tender, evanescent emotions, which he renders with an insistent pathos,—

"Short swallow-flights of song, that dip Their wings in tears and skim away."

Summary. Tennyson was then a harmonizer of science and beauty in his interpretation of nature; a poet of the golden mean in religion, politics, life; a representative poet of his age, and so a popular one. But the greatest poets are "not for one age but for all time." Tennyson does not illumine the greatest heights and depths of the tossing sea of life. He comes rather in the noon of British empire, like Virgil, as the poet of national greatness, natural beauty, noble serenity, lasting art. He is the English

Virgil, and we can apply to him many of his own lines to the Roman Virgil,—

"Landscape-lover, lord of language"

"All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase"....

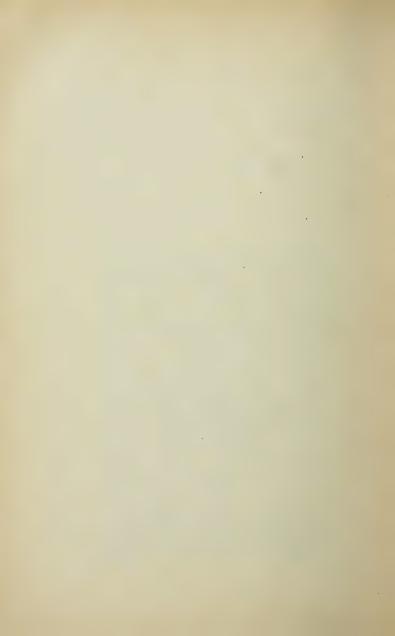
"All the charm of all the muses often flowering in a lonely word."

Perhaps we might even add,-

"Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."



"Flower in the crannied wall."
STATUE OF TENNYSON, LINCOLN.



POEMS

OF

ALFRED TENNYSON



TENNYSON.

ODE TO MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO ----.

Ι.

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II.

5

10

15

20

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist.
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,

When, she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,

And with the evening cloud,

Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast (Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind

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Never grow sere,

When rooted in the garden of the mind,

Because they are the earliest of the year).

Nor was the night thy shroud.

In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope. The eddving of her garments caught from thee

The light of thy great presence; and the cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity,

Tho' deep not fathomless,

Was cloven with the million stars which tremble 35 O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.

O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.

Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could du'll

Those spirit-thrilling eves so keen and beautiful:

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres, Listening the lordly music flowing from

The illimitable years.

O strengthen me, enlighten me!

I faint in this obscurity,

Thou dewy dawn of memory,

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IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise, Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes! Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines

> Unto mine inner eye, Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall

Which ever sounds and shines

A pillar of white light upon the wall Of purple cliffs, aloof descried : ______

Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side, 55 The seven elms, the poplars four

That stand beside my father's door,

And chiefly from the brook that loves

To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,

Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,

Drawing into his narrow earthen urn, In every elbow and turn,

The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,

O! hither lead thy feet!

Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat

Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,

Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,

What time the amber morn Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud. V.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye To the young spirit present When first she is wed; The weden And like a bride of old 95 In triumph led. With music and sweet showers Of festal flowers. Unto the dwelling she must swav. Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment With roval frame-work of wrought gold; Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay, And foremost in thy various gallery Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls 85 Upon the storied walls: For the discovery And newness of thine art so pleased thee, That all which thou hast drawn of fairest Or boldest since, but lightly weighs With thee unto the love thou bearest The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like, Ever retiring thou dost gaze On the prime labour of thine early days:

Whether the high field on the bushless Pike, Or even a sand-built ridge Of heaped hills that mound the sea, Overblown with murmurs harsh,

No matter what the sketch might be;

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Or even a lowly cottage whence we see 100 Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh.

Where from the frequent bridge, Like emblems of infinity, The trenched waters run from sky to sky; Or a garden bower'd close With plaited alleys of the trailing rose, Long alleys falling down to twilight grots, Or opening upon level plots Of crowned lilies, standing near Purple-spiked lavender: 110 Whither in after life retired From brawling storms,

With youthful fancy re-inspired, We may hold converse with all forms Of the many-sided mind, And those whom passion hath not blinded Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded. My friend, with you to live alone, Were how much better than to own A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O strengthen me, enlighten me! I faint in this obscurity, Thou dewy dawn of memory.

From weary wind,

THE DYING SWAN.

Ι.

The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

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II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow. 20

III.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul

Of that waste place with joy

Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear

The warble was low and full and clear;

And floating about the under-sky,

Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;

But anon her awful jubilant voice,

With a music strange and manifold,

Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;

As when a mighty people rejoice

With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,

And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star. 35
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land, 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream.
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some like a downward smoke, 10 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go; And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops, 15

Three silent pinnacles of faged snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale 30 Was seen far inland, and the vellow down Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale And meadow set with slender galingale; A land where all things always seem'd the same! And round about the keel with faces pale, 25 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame, The mild-eved melancholy Lotos-eaters came. Branches they bore of that enchanted stem, Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave Far far away did seem to mourn and rave On alien shores; and if his fellow spake, His voice was thin, as voices from the grave; And deep-asleep he seem'd, vet all awake, 35 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.' 45

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

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Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;

Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood. 70 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud With winds upon the branch, and there Grows green and broad, and takes no care, Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon Nightly dew-fed; and turning vellow 75 Falls, and floats adown the air. I,o! sweeten'd with the summer light, The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow, Drops in a silent autumn night. All its allotted length of days, 80 The flower ripens in its place, Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil, Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.

Let us alone. What is it that will last?

90

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V. How sweet it were, hearing the downward

stream, With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100 Falling asleep in a half-dream! To dream and dream, like yonder amber light, Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height: To hear each other's whisper'd speech: Eating the Lotos day by day, 105 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach, And tender curving lines of creamy spray; To lend our hearts and spirits wholly To the influence of mild-minded melancholy: To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110 With those old faces of our infancy Heap'd over with a mound of grass, Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:

For surely now our household hearths are cold: Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange : And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy. Or else the island princes over-bold 120 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings Before them of the ten years' war in Troy, And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things. Is there confusion in the little isle? Let what is broken so remain. 125 The Gods are hard to reconcile: 'Tis hard to settle order once again, There is confusion worse than death, Trouble on trouble, pain on pain, Long labour unto aged breath, 130 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars And eves grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,

How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)

With half-dropt eyelid still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holv,

To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath
the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:

The Lotos blows by every winding creek:

All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow
Lotos-dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foamfountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of man- 155
kind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are

- Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
- Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
- Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
- Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roar- 160 ing deeps and fiery sands,
- Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
- But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
- Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
- Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
- Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave 165 the soil,
- Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
- Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
- Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell
- Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
- Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not 5
me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name: For always roaming with a hungry heart Much have I seen and known: cities of men And manners, climates, councils, governments, Myself not least, but honour'd of them all: 15 And drunk delight of battle with my peers, Far on the ringing plains of windy Trov. I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch wherethro' Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin 20 fades

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For ever and for ever when 1 move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads—vou and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;

Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the 55

deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

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"YOU ASK ME, WHY."

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,

That sober-suited Freedom chose,

The land, where girt with friends or foes

A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,

A land of just and old renown,

Where Freedom slowly broadens down

From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,

But by degrees to fullness wrought,

The strength of some diffusive thought

Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

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"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM."

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice.

Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice

Came rolling on the wind.

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Then stept she down thro' town and field

To mingle with the human race,

And part by part to men reveal'd

The fullness of her face—

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Grave mother of majestic works,

From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,

15

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years ls in them. May perpetual youth

Keep dry their light from tears;

And, King-like, wears the crown:

20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

"LOVE THOU THY LAND."

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought From out the storied Past, and used Within the Present, but transfused Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles, Love, that endures not sordid ends. For English natures, freemen, friends, Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,

Nor feed with crude imaginings

The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings

That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might

To weakness, neither hide the ray

From those, not blind, who wait for day,

Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds; But let her herald, Reverence, fly Before her to whatever sky Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

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Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch

Of pension, neither; count on praise:

It grows to guerdon after-days:

Nor deal in watch-words overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;

Not master'd by some modern term;

Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:

And in its season bring the law:

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

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So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;

For all the past of Time reveals

A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,

Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits Completion in a painful school; Phantoms of other forms of rule, New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,	
And heap their ashes on the head;	70
To shame the boast so often made,	
That we are wiser than our sires.	
Oh yet, if Nature's evil star	
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,	
To follow flying steps of Truth	75
Across the brazen bridge of war-	
If New and Old, disastrous feud,	
Must ever shock, like armed foes,	
And this be true, till Time shall close,	
That Principles are rain'd in blood;	80
Not yet the wise of heart would cease	
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,	
But with his hand against the hilt,	
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;	
Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,	85
Would serve his kind in deed and word,	60
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,	
That knowledge takes the sword away-	
Would love the gleams of good that broke	
From either side, nor veil his eyes:	90
And if some dreadful need should rise	50
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:	
To-morrow yet would reap to-day,	
As we bear blossom of the dead;	
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed	95
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.	

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

I.-" TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn-fields, And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail, / That brings our friends up from the underworld, Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

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II.-INTERLUDE SONGS.

1.-"AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT."

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

2.—"THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO ROLLING DRUMS."

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

as thro' the land at eve we went. and pluck'd the repened ears, We fell out my wife and ?, and hif I ogain with tears. and blefrings on the faling-out That all the more endeard, When we fall out with those we love, and hip again with tears! For when we came where lies the chit We lost in other years, There above the little grave, we kep? again with tears.

I These are not written regularly but just as they tuents up

3.—"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS."

The splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky.

They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul.

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The splendow falls on castle walls and snowy summets of in story:
The long light shakes acrofs the lakes and the wild cataract leaps in glory.

(Chorus)

I hark, I hear! how thin & clear and thinner, clearer farther going I weet & far from cliff & scar The horns of Elfland faintly blowing Blow, let us hear the purple glans replying Blow, bugle; answer schoes dying, dying, dying

They faint on hill or field or river Our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow for ever & for ever. Blow bugle blow set the wild echoesflying and answer echoes answer dying dying dying 1- YS

4.—"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

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Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

Home they brought her warrier dead: She nor swooned nor uttered cry: All her mardens whispering said, She must weep or she will die

Then they praised him soft I low Calb'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend & noblest foe;
yet she reither spoke nor mood.

Stole a maiden from her place, lightly to the warrior stept. Took the face cloth from the face: yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nuise of minety years set his child apon her knee like summer tempest come her trans Sweet my child, I live for thee:

5.- "SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

6.—ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

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ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

All I.

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall, Warriors carry the warrior's pall, And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Ι.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

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III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.



ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20 No more in soldier fashion will he greet With lifted hand the gazer in the street. O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute: Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood, The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25 Whole in himself, a common good. Mourn for the man of amplest influence, Yet clearest of ambitious crime, Our greatest yet with least pretence, Great in council and great in war, 230 Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime. O good grav head which all men knew, 35 O voice from which their omens all men drew, O iron nerve to true occasion true, () fall'n at length that tower of strength Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew ! Such was he whom we deplore. 40 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er. The great World-victor's victor will be seen no

more.

v.

All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver. England, for thy son. 45 Let the bell be toll'd. Render thanks to the Giver. And render him to the mould. Under the cross of gold That shines over city and river, 50 There he shall rest for ever Among the wise and the bold. Let the bell be toll'd: And a reverent people behold The towering car, the sable steeds: 55 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds, Dark in its funeral fold Let the bell be toll'd: And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd: And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60 Thro' the dome of the golden cross : And the volleving cannon thunder his loss; He knew their voices of old. For many a time in many a clime His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom: When he with those deep voices wrought, Guarding realms and kings from shame; With those deep voices our dead captain taught The tyrant, and asserts his claim

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In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song,

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,

With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest, With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest? Mighty Seaman, this is he Was great by land as thou by sea. Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, The greatest sailor since our world began. Now, to the roll of muffled drums, To thee the greatest soldier comes; For this is he Was great by land as thou by sea: \(\square\$ 90 His foes were thine; he kept us free; O give him welcome, this is he Worthy of our gorgeous rites, And worthy to be laid by thee; For this is England's greatest son, 95 He that gain'd a hundred fights.

Nor ever lost an English gun: This is he that far away Against the myriads of Assaye Clash'd with his fiery few and won: 100 And underneath another sun. Warring on a later day, Round affrighted Lisbon drew The treble works, the vast designs Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105 Where he greatly stood at bay, Whence he issued forth anew. And ever great and greater grew, Beating from the wasted vines Back to France her banded swarms. 110 Back to France with countless blows, Till o'er the hills her eagles flew Beyond the Pyrenean pines, Follow'd up in valley and glen With blare of bugle, clamour of men. 115 Roll of cannon and clash of arms. And England pouring on her foes. Such a war had such a close. Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120 And barking for the thrones of kings; Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown? On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down; A day of onsets of despair! Dash'd on every rocky square Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;

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Last, the Prussian trumpet blew; Thro' the long-tormented air Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray, And down we swept and charged and overthrew, 130 So great a soldier taught us there. What long-enduring hearts could do In that world-earthquake, Waterloo! Mighty Seaman, tender and true, And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle, O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile, If aught of things that here befall Touch a spirit among things divine, If love of country move thee there at all, 140 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine! And thro' the centuries let a people's voice In full acclaim. A people's voice. The proof and echo of all human fame, 145 A people's voice, when they rejoice At civic revel and pomp and game, Attest their great commander's claim

TII.

With honour, honour, honour to him,

Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice we are a people yet. Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget, Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers) Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers, 155 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt Of boundless love and reverence and regret To those great men who fought, and kept it ours. And keep it ours, O God, from brute control; O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole, And save the one true seed of freedom sown Betwixt a people and their ancient throne, That sober freedom out of which there springs Our loval passion for our temperate kings; 165 For, saving that, we help to save mankind Till public wrong be crumbled into dust. And drill the raw world for the march of mind, Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just. But wink no more in slothful overtrust. Remember him who led your hosts: He bad you guard the sacred coasts. Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall; His voice is silent in your council-hall For ever; and whatever tempests lour For ever silent; even if they broke In thunder, silent; yet remember all He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke; Who never sold the truth to serve the hour, Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power; 180 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow Thro' either babbling world of high and low; Whose life was work, whose language rife With rugged maxims hewn from life;

Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars Now to glorious burial slowly borne. Follow'd by the brave of other lands. He, on whom from both her open hands 195 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars. And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn. Yea, let all good things await Him who cares not to be great. But as he saves or serves the state. 200 Not once or twice in our rough island story, The path of duty was the way to glory : se He that walks it, only thirsting For the right, and learns to deaden Love of self, before his journey closes, 205 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting Into glossy purples, which outredden All voluptuous garden-roses. Not once or twice in our fair island-story. The path of duty was the way to glory : 210 He, that ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and hands. Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won His path upward, and prevail'd, Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215 Are close upon the shining table-lands To which our God Himself is moon and sun. Such was he: his work is done. But while the races of mankind endure, Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land, And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure: Till in all lands and thro' all human story The path of duty be the way to glory: And let the land whose hearths he saved from 225 shame

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Itate the little children clung:

O peace, it is a day of pain For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240 Ours the pain, be his the gain! More than is of man's degree Must be with us, watching here At this, our great solemnity. Whom we see not we revere; 245 We revere, and we refrain From talk of battles loud and vain, And brawling memories all too free For such a wise humility As befits a solemn fane: 250 We revere, and while we hear The tides of Music's golden sea Setting toward eternity, Uplifted high in heart and hope are we, Until we doubt not that for one so true 255 There must be other nobler work to do Than when he fought at Waterloo. And Victor he must ever be. For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill And break the shore, and evermore 260 Make and break, and work their will; Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll Round us, each with different powers, And other forms of life than ours. What know we greater than the soul? 265 On God and Godlike men we build our trust. Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:

The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:

The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears: Ashes to ashes, dust to dust: 270 He is gone who seem'd so great .-Gone: but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in State, 275 And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him. Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down, And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

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II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'

Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into 'the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:

Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not

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Then they rode back, but no Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.

Honour the charge they made!

Honour the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!

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THE BROOK.

HERE by this brook, we parted; I to the East And he for Italy-too late-too late: One whom the strong sons of the world despise; For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share, And mellow metres more than cent for cent: Nor could be understand how money breeds, Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make The thing that is not as the thing that is. O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say, Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10 They flourish'd then or then; but life in him Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd On such a time as goes before the leaf, When all the wood stands in a mist of green, And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved, 15 For which, in branding summers of Bengal, Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it. Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy, To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says, 20 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme, 'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.

> I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.

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Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out, 35 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge, It has more ivy; there the river; and there Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

> I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.

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With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

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I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

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'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird; Old Philip; all about the fields you caught His weary daylong chirping, like the dry High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

- I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

 And here and there a foamy flake
 Linon me, as I travel 60
- And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
- And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimining river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

 65

O darling Katie Willows, his one child!

A maiden of our century, yet most meek;

A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand:

Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,

Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge, Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, "Run" 85 To Katie somewhere in the walks below, "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers, A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down, Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

'What was it? less of sentiment than sense-Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears, And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies, Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learned that James had flickering jealousies
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said. 100
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. "Coming every day,"
She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vext with him and her."
IIO
How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?"

(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
"O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!

For in I went, and call'd old Philip out

To show the farm: full willingly he rose:

He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes

Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.

He praised his land, his horses, his machines;

He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his 125

dogs;

He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130
And naming those, his friends, for whom they
were:

Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
Ile pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
"That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."
And there he told a long long-winded tale

Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass, And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd, And how the bailiff swore that he was mad. But he stood firm; and so the matter hung; He gave them line; and five days after that 145 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece, Who then and there had offer'd something more, But he stood firm; and so the matter hung; He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price; He gave them line: and how by chance at last 150 (It might be May or April, he forgot, The last of April or the first of May) He found the bailiff riding by the farm, And, talking from the point, he drew him in, And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale, Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he.
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,

Arrived and found the sun of sweet content Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,	170
I slide by hazel covers;	
I move the sweet forget-me-nots	
That grow for happy lovers.	
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,	
Among my skimming swallows;	175
I make the netted sunbeam dance	
Against my sandy shallows.	
I murmur under moon and stars	
In brambly wildernesses;	
I linger by my shingly bars;	180
I loiter round my cresses;	
And out again I curve and flow	
To join the brimming river,	
For men may come and men may go,	
But I go on for ever.	185

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P.W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

So Lawrence Avlmer, seated on a stile In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook A tonsured head in middle age forlorn. ·21 M t Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath Will bring fair weather vet to all of us. Of tender air made tremble in the hedge The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings; And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near, 205 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared On eves a bashful azure, and on hair In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell Divides threefold to show the fruit within: Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the 210 farm?

'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me:

What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.

What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'

'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he 215
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
220
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.

We bought the farm we tenanted before.

Am I so like her? so they said on board.

Sir, if you knew her in her English days,

My mother, as it seems you did, the days

That most she loves to talk of, come with me.

My brother James is in the harvest-field:

But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

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Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff: In this the children play'd at keeping house. Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, While Annie still was mistress; but at times

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Enoch would hold possession for a week:

'This is my house and this my little wife.'

'Mine too,' said Philip 'turn and turn about:'

When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made

Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes

All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,

Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this

The little wife would weep for company,

And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,

And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past, And the new warmth of life's ascending sun Was felt by either, either fixt his heart On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, But Philip loved in silence; and the girl Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him; But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not, And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set A purpose evermore before his eves. To hoard all savings to the uttermost, To purchase his own boat, and make a home For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last A luckier or a bolder fisherman, A carefuller in peril, did not breathe For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year On board a merchantman, and made himself Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming 55 seas.

And all men look'd upon him favourably:
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the 60
mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide, The younger people making holiday, With bag and sack and basket, great and small, Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd (His father lying sick and needing him) 655 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill, Just where the prone edge of the wood began To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair, Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand, His large grav eves and weather-beaten face 70 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire, That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd, And in their eves and faces read his doom; Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd, And slipt aside, and like a wounded life Crept down into the hollows of the wood; There, while the rest were loud in merry-making, Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,

Seven happy years of health and competence, And mutual love and honourable toil; With children; first a daughter. In him woke, With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish To save all earnings to the uttermost, And give his child a better bringing-up Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd, When two years after came a boy to be The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas, Or often journeying landward; for in truth Fnoch's white horse, and Fnoch's ocean-spoil In ocean-smelling osier, and his face, Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 9.5 Not only to the market-cross were known, But in the leafy lanes behind the down, Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp, And peacock-vewtree of the lonely Hall, Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one: Another hand crept too across his trade 110 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell, Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man, Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom. He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night, To see his children leading evermore Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth. And her, he loved, a beggar: then he prav'd 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.' And while he pray'd, the master of that ship Enoch had served in hearing his mischance. 120 Came, for he knew the man and valued him, Reporting of his vessel China-bound, And wanting vet a boatswain. Would he go? There yet were many weeks before she sail'd, Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the 125 place?

And Enoch all at once assented to it, Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lav long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her! 135
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—

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And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone. 110
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born,
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
'Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,

Her and her children, let her plead in vain; So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores. So all day long till Enoch's last at home, Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe, Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang, 175 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,-The space was narrow,-having order'd all Almost as neat and close as Nature packs Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he, Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears, Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him. Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God, Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes Whatever came to him: and then he said 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God Will bring fair weather yet to all of us. Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me, For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.' Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,

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This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise; 210
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.

Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass. 215
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came, 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted, Look to the babes, and till I come again Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220 And fear no more for me; or if you fear Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.

Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His.
The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,

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Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the
child

Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came, Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;

She saw him not: and while he stood on deck

Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him; 245
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred.

To barter, nor compensating the want

By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,

Nor asking overmuch and taking less,

And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'

For more than once, in days of difficulty

And pressure, had she sold her wares for less

Than what she gave in buying what she sold:

She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came,

Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,

And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it With all a mother's care: nevertheless, Whether her business often called her from it, Or thro' the want of what it needed most, Or means to pay the voice who best could tell What most it needed—howsoe'er it was, After a lingering,—ere she was aware,— Like the caged bird escaping suddenly, The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,

Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

.141.

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd, His bashfulness and tenderness at war, He set himself beside her, saying to her:

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd, Enoch, your husband 'I have ever said You chose the best among us-a strong man: For where he fixt his heart he set his hand To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. And wherefore did he go this weary way, 29.5 And leave you lonely? not to see the world-For pleasure?-nay, but for the wherewithal To give his babes a better bringing-up Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. And if he come again, vext will he be To find the precious morning hours were lost. And it would vex him even in his grave, If he could know his babes were running wild Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, nowHave we not known each other all our lives?

I do beseech you by the love you bear

Him and his children not to say me nay—

For, if you wil, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me—if you will,

Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.

Now let me put the boy and girl to school:

This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd 320

'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
330

Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind: Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, Out of full heart and boundless gratitude Light on a broken word to thank him with. But Philip was her children's all-in-all; From distant corners of the street they ran To greet his hearty welcome heartily: Lords of his house and of his mill were they; Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them Uncertain as a vision or a dream. Faint as a figure seen in early dawn Down at the far end of an avenue, Going we know not where: and so ten years, Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

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It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd To go with others, nutting to the wood, And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too: Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust, Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him

'Come with us Father Philip' he denied; But when the children pluck'd at him to go, He laugh'd and vielded readily to their wish, For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down, Just where the prone edge of the wood began To feather toward the hollow, all her force Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said: So Philip rested with her well-content; While all the younger ones with jubilant cries Broke from their elders, and tumultuously 37.5 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge To the bottom and dispersed, and bent or broke The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away Their tawny clusters, crying to each other And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour Here in this wood, when like a wounded life He crept into the shadow : at last he said. Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie, 385 How merry they are down vonder in the wood.

Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost! ***
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke. 305 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind, And it has been upon my mind so long, That tho' I know not when it first came there I know that it will out at last. O Annie, It is beyond all hope, against all chance, 400 That he who left you ten long years ago Should still be living; well then-let me speak: I grieve to see you poor and wanting help: I cannot help you as I wish to do Unless-they say that women are so quick-405 Perhaps you know what I would have you know-I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove A father to your children: I do think They love me as a father: I am sure That I love them as if they were mine own: 410 And I believe, if you were fast my wife, That after all these sad uncertain years, We might be still as happy as God grants To any of his creatures. Think upon it: For I am well-to-do-no kin, no care, 415 No burden, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie · tenderly she spoke : 'You have been as God's good angel in our house. 420 God bless you for it. God reward you for it. Philip, with something happier than myself. Can one love twice? can you be ever loved As Fnoch was? what is it that you ask?" 125 'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved A litt'e after Enoch.' 'O' she cried. Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while: If Froch comes-but Enoch will not come-Vet wait a year, a year is not so long: Surely I shall be wiser in a year: 420 O wait a little!' Philip sadly said 'Annie, as I have waited all my life I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried 'I am bound: you have my promise-in a year: Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?" 435 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead-flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil:
Then all descended to the port, and there

At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were, While yet she went about her household ways. 150 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words. That he had loved her longer than she knew, That autumn into autumn flash'd again, And there he stood once more before her face. Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd. 455 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again: Come out and see.' But she-she put him off-So much to look to-such a change-a month-Give her a month—she knew that she was bound— A month-no more. Then Philip with his eves Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand. 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.' And Annie could have wept for pity of him ; And vet she held him on delayingly 465 With many a scarce-believable excuse, Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port, Abhorrent of a calculation crost, Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.

476

Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her: Some that she but held off to draw him on; And others laugh'd at her and Philip too. As simple folk that knew not their own minds. 17.5 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung Like serpent eggs together, laughingly Would hint at worse in either. Her own son Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish: But evermore the daughter prest upon her 480 To wed the man so dear to all of them And lift the household out of poverty; And Philip's rosy face contracting grew Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her

Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced 485 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?' Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart, Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 190 Then desperately seized the holy Book, Suddenly set it wide to find a sign, Suddenly put her finger on the text, 'Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her: No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept: 495 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height, Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun: 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing

Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these he palms 500
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, 'both our 505
sakes,

So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bel's, Merrily rang the bells and they were wed. But never merrily heat Annie's heart. A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path. 510 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear, She knew not what : nor loved she to be left Alone at home, nor ventured out alone. What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch. 515 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew : Such doubts and fears were common to her state, Reing with child: but when her child was born. Then her new child was as herself renew'd. Then the new mother came about her heart. Then her good Philip was her all-in-all. And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Fnoch? prosperously sail'd The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook

530

And almost overwhelm'd her yet unvext She slipt across the summer of the world. Then after a long tumble about the Cape And frequent interchange of foul and fair, She passing thro' the summer world again, The breath of heaven came continually And sent her sweetly by the golden isles, Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought Quaint monsters for the market of those times, 555 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows: 540
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable.
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.

There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge

They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a 555
hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, Set in this Eden of all plenteousness, Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning
'wait'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,

595

The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave. As down the shore he ranged, or all day long Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge, A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail: No sail from day to day, but every day The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts Among the palms and ferns and precipices : 7(H) The blaze upon the waters to the east; The blaze upon his island overhead: The blaze upon the waters to the west : Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven.

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch. So still, the golden lizard on him paused, A phantom made of many phantoms moved Before him haunting him, or he himself Moved haunting people, things and places, known 600 Far in a darker isle beyond the line; The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house. The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes. The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall, The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill 605 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs. The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves. And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head The sunny and rainy seasons came and went Year after year. His hopes to see his own, 620 And pace the sacred old familiar fields, Not vet had perish'd, when his lonely doom Came suddenly to an end. Another ship (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds, Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course, 625 Stav'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay: For since the mate had seen at early dawn Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle The silent water slipping from the hills. They sent a crew that landing burst away In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge

Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs

They knew not what: and yet he led the way

To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;

And ever as he mingled with the crew,

And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue 600

Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;

Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took

aboard:

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:

And clothes they gave him and free passage home;

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook His isolation from him. None of these Came from his country, or could answer him, If question'd, aught of what he cared to know. 600 And dull the voyage was with long delays, The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore His fancy fled before the lazy wind Returning, till beneath a clouded moon He like a lover down thro' all his blood Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath Of England, blown across her ghostly wall: And that same morning officers and men Levied a kindly tax upon themselves, Pitving the lonely man, and gave him it: 6550 Then moving up the coast they landed him, Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a
home?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon, 665
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
670
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the rool and narrow wharf he went. Seeking a tavern which of old he knew, A front of timber-crost antiquity, So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old, He thought it must have gone; but he was gone 600 Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane, With daily-dwindling profits he.d the house; A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.

There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, Nor let him be, but often breaking in, Told him, with other annals of the port, Not knowing-Enoch was so brown, so bow'd, So broken-all the story of his house. His baby's death, her growing poverty, How Philip put her little ones to school, And kept them in it, his long wooing her, Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance 705 No shadow past, nor motion: any one, Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale Less than the teller: only when she closed 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost' He, shaking his gray head pathetically, 710 Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;' Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day

Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.

There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him, 720
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd: 730
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if
griefs

Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,

Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the rather's knee.
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard.

Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief, Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot, And feeling all along the garden wall, Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, 770 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door, Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees

Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug His fingers into the wet earth and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?

780

785

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,

And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve 705 Uphore him, and firm faith, and evermore Prayer from a living source within the will. And beating up thro' all the bitter world, Like fountains of sweet water in the sea, Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife' SINI He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about, Has she no fear that her first husband lives?" 'Av, av, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow! If you could tell her you had seen him dead, Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought so 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know, I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself, Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live. Almost to all things could he turn his hand. Cooper he was and carrenter, and wrought 810 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd At lading and unlading the tall barks, That brought the stinted commerce of those days;

Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:

Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.

825

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850

For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall The boat that bears the hope of life approach To save the life despair'd of, than he saw Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him
talk!

I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.' 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.' And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore. Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her, 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?' 'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away. Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street; Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.' Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her; 'His head is low, and no man cares for him, I think I have not three days more to live; I am the man.' At which the woman gave A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry. 'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot Higher than you be.' Enoch said again

'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been 850
changed—

I married her who married Philip Ray. Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage, His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back, His gazing in on Annie, his resolve, And how he kept it. As the woman heard 860 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly To rush abroad all round the little haven, Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes: But awed and promise-bounden she forbore, 865 Saving only 'See your bairns before you go!' Eh. let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung A moment on her words, but then replied:

Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again: mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath

Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. 880 And tell my son that I died blessing him. And say to Philip that I blest him too; He never meant us any thing but good. But if my children care to see me dead, Who hardly knew me living, let them come, 485 I am their father: but she must not come. For my dead face would vex her after-life. And now there is but one of all my blood Who will embrace me in the world-to-be: This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it. 890 And I have borne it with me all these years. And thought to bear it with me to my grave ; But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him, My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone, Take, give her this, for it may comfort her: 895 It will moreover be a token to her. That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all.
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

SHIEL

905

Then the third night after this, While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale. And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals. There came so loud a calling of the sea. That all the houses in the haven rang. He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail! I am saved: and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.

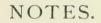
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

910



FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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HAWTHORN TREE, BROOK AND BRIDGE, SOMERSBY.

NOTES.

ODE TO MEMORY.

Composition and publication. This poem, which summarises recollections of Tennyson's boyhood, belongs very early in his work. It appeared first in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, in 1830, when the title was followed by the words "Written very early in life."

There are few changes from the first edition, some in spelling—cam'st (l. 8), kist (l. 14), wakèd (l. 68).

Theme and treatment. The poem is ostensibly a poem on memory, but the general attributes of Memory are quickly changed for concrete illustrations—memories of the places of the poet's youth, haloed for ever by the associations of childhood. It is essentially a poem of nature, of closely compacted detail of nature, but nature

reviewed under the influence of emotion—the glamour of early association. How far do the imitative character of the form, the surplus and choice of epithets, and the general treatment show the *Ode to Memory* as early and imperfect work?

Ode—Its Form. Mr. Gosse defines the essential element of the ode as "the strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." English odes fall into two main classes—the ode of regular stanzas, lines, and rimes, modelled after Horace; the ode of irregular measures, stanzas, and rimes due to fancied imitation of Pindar. The Horatian ode begins with Spenser's Epithalamion, the irregular or Pindaric with Ben Jonson's Ode to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morrison.

The poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth century were addicted to the ode—Dryden and Gray to the Pindaric form, Marvel and Collins to the Horatian. The Romantic poets used the freedom of lyric measures offered by the form of the ode to express the fresh music and cadences of romantic verse. Coleridge's France, 1797, Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality, 1803–6, and Ode to Duty, 1805, Keats's To a Nightingale, and Shelley's To a Skylark, 1820, all show the varied forms of the ode. For examples of English odes see Edmund Gosse's English Odes.

Tennyson's Ode to Memory owes its form partly to the Latin odes, for example Horace's Ode to Fortune, and more particularly to the metrically freer odes of the English Romantic poets. Prof. Churton Collins refers especially to Coleridge's Songs of the Pixies as the most immediate influence.

Addressed to -. The ascription is not known.

Page 3. ll. 1-7.—Thou who stealest fire, etc. This apostrophe at the outset of the ode is called the Invoca-

tion. Note the unity of theme in each stanza or strophe of the Ode.

l. l.—stealest fire. Suggested by Isaiah vi. 5-7. Cf. also

O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire,
—Pope, Messiah.

where Pope thinks of the transmuting power of inspiration. Question the propriety of the figure "fire from fountains."

- l. 9.—gloom of yesternight. A touch of the pathos fundamental in Tennyson's temperament.
- 1. 12.—Whilome. An archaic form for whilom, at times, formerly. (A. S. hwil, while, time, and um, dative pl. termination, at times.)
- Page 4. 1. 30.—thine infant Hope. The relation of memory to hope is here happily indicated.
 - 1. 32.--cope. The cape or cover. (Cape, cap, and cope are variants from O. Fr. cape, Low Lat. capa, a cape.)
 - 1. 34. -tho'. Tennyson's spelling throughout his works.
 - 1. 36.—deep mind of infancy. For the thought, cf. the whole of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, but especially stanza vii.,-

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy Soul's immensity;

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind.

Of babies Tennyson would say: —"There is something gigantic about them. The wide-eyed wonder of a babe has a grandeur in it which as children they lose. They seem to me to be prophets of a mightier race!"—Hallam Tennyson, Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir, I., 369.

 41.—lordly music. Borrowed from Tennyson's own Cambridge prize poem *Timbuctoo* (1829), And thou with ravish'd sense Listenest the lordly music flowing from Th' illimitable years.

Allusion to the fabled "music of the spheres" of Pythagoras and Plato. The planets arranged in "harmonic progression" of relative distance to the earth produced in their revolution the sphere music. See Merchant of Venice, v. i.

- Page 5. l. 47.—Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes. Suggested by Rumour, "painted full of tongues," Henry IV. Pt. 2, Induction, and Fame with her wakeful eyes, loud tongues and mouths, and ears, Virgil, Æneid, iv. 174ff.
 - 1. 51. Thou wert not nursed. On the other hand, ef. Wordsworth's memories of nature,—

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion," etc.

-Lines Written above Tintern Abbey.

- 1. 53.—pillar of white light. Cf. the "downward smoke" and "veils of lawn," Lotos-Eaters, Il. 8, 11.
- l. 55.—Come from the woods. Here Tennyson enters on his inheritance of memories. "To begin with his birthplace. Somersby-of which parish Mr. Tennyson's father was rector, and where he passed with little interval the first twenty-five years of his life-is a quiet wooded village, 'pleasantly situated,' as the guide-books say, at the foot of the South Wold. The country about it is soft and pastoral, with small villages lying close together. To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden."—The Rev. Mr. Rawnsley. (From his article on "Lincolnshire Scenery and Character, Illustrated by Mr. Tennyson," Macmillan's Magazine. 1873-74, and H. D. Rawnsley's Memories of the Tennysons.)

- 1. 56.—seven elms, the poplars four. The seven elms, in the garden behind the house, are still standing; the poplars are gone (Napier).
 - 1. 58.—the brook. The Somersby brook.
- 66.—wattled. Formed by interweaving twigs or branches.

The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes.

-Milton, Comus. 1, 344.

l. 67.—wolds. Wide open country, a down. (A.S. weald, forest, Mid. E. wold, wood, waste land.)

The wolds of Lincolnshire run parallel with the coast about ten miles inland.

- 1. 70.—What time. Archaic and poetical "at the time when."
- Page 6. 1. 96.—the bushless Pike. The bare, bleak highway. (Pike for turnpike (road), or road with a turning bar (cf. a tollgate).)
 - Il. 97ff.—sand-built ridge....cottage, etc. "In the summer-time Dr. and Mrs. Tennyson took their holiday by the seaside, mostly at Mablethorpe. The cottage to which the family resorted was close under the sea bank, 'the long low line of tussocked dunes.' 'I used to stand on this sand-built ridge,' my father said, 'and think that it was the spine bone of the world.' From the top of this, the immense sweep of marsh inland, and the whole weird strangeness of the place greatly moved him."—Hallam Tennyson, in A. T., A Memoir.
 - "Mablethorpe is near Alford, in 'the fat shire of Lincoln,'" (Tennyson).
- Page 7. 1. 103.— Like emblems. In 1830 ed., Emblems or glimpses of eternity.
 - 106. —plaited. Braided, interwoven. Connected etymologically with pleached, the word more commonly used with alley to signify a path overarched with interwoven branches.

l. 109.—crowned lilies. The epithet suggests the curve of the petals of the tiger-lily. The details came from the garden at Somersby.

"Beyond the path, bounding the green sward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beyond that was a garden . . lavender, sloping in a gradual descent to the parson's field at the foot of which flows by 'lawn and lea,' the swift steep-banked brook."—A. T., A Memoir.

"I know no English neighbourhood where the oldfashioned herbaceous garden plots are so rich and rare in colour as the gardens of the great and little in that Somersby neighbourhood. . . . Let the fortunate traveller find his way, on a September morning, into the old Somersby rectory garden or into the garden of Harrington Vicarage or Harrington Hall, or peep into any of the Enderby cottage plots, and he will know what was in Tennyson's mind as he wrote his 'Ode to Memory,' and he will feel he has not only looked upon hollyhocks and tiger-lilies without equal for beauty of stature and richness of bloom, but has seen such sunflowers 'ray round with flame their disks of seed,' and breathed the balm of such rose-carnations as he shall never be able quite to forget."-H. D. Rawnsley, Memories of the Tennysons.

THE DYING SWAN.

Composition and publication. The poem is one of Tennyson's earliest, forming part of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830. There are a few minute differences in the first edition:—grey (l. 4), which for and (l. 7), water for river (l. 14), sung for was (l. 16), through for thro' (l. 18, l. 34).

Theme. The poet takes as material the very ancient belief that the swan sings melodiously at the time of its death. In the *Phaedo*, Plato records Socrates as saying:—

"Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the god whose ministers they are. . . . Because they are sacred to Apollo, they have the gift of prophecy, and anticipate the good things of another world; wherefore they sing and rejoice in that day more than ever they did before. And I, too, believing myself to be the consecrated servant of the same God, and the fellow servant of the swans, and thinking that I have received from my master gifts of prophecy which are not inferior to theirs, would not go out of life less merrily than the swans" (trans. Jowett).

The thought was a favourite one with Shakspere; cf. Merchant of Venice, 111. ii. 44; King John, v. vii. 20.

Page 8. l. 1. — The plain was grassy. "The Dying Swan... opens with a sketch sad enough, but which will be recognised as Lincolnshire under its least cheerful aspect, when the east wind prevails."—The Rev. Mr. Rawnsley.

I. 18.—marish. Pr. mar'ish. An archaic word, used by Chaucer and Spenser,—"marsh."

Only these marishes and miry bogs.

Spenser, Fairy Queen, v. x. xxiii.

Marish is from O. Fr. mareis, Lat. mare, sea, lake, whereas marsh is A. S. merse, cognate with the Latin form.

Page 9. l. 21.—took . . . with joy. Captivate . . . The idiom is suggested by—

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty.

-Shakspere, Winter's Tale, IV. iv. 118.

- 1. 26.—coronach. The lament for the dead in the Scottish Highlands. (Gael. corranach, dirge; comh, together; ranach, outery.) Is its use here appropriate?
- 1. 32.—shawms. The shawm is a musical instrument of the oboe class, having a double reed inclosed in a globular mouthpiece. It was akin to the musette and the bagpipe, and passed over into the bassoon. It is used inaccurately in the Prayer-book version of Psalm lviii. for cornet or horn. "With trumpets also, and shawms, O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King."

cymbals. Concave plates of brass or bronze which, when struck together, produce a sharp, ringing sound. Instruments of this kind have been used from the earliest historic times to mark rhythmic effects.

- 1. 38.—sough. Pr. sow or suf. To emit a hollow murmur.
- l. 39.—horns. Used of a river usually in the sense of branch, here of the cape-like curves of the banks.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

The first publication. Tennyson's little volume, Poems by Alfred Tennyson, 1833, held the earliest version of The Lotos-Eaters. In it, likewise, were The Lady of Shalott, The Miller's Daughter, Enone, The Palace of Art, and A Dream of Fair Women. It is easy to see that the poet had here attained his distinct manner, his characteristic touch, and had opened up at least two of his happiest veins of inspiration—the English Idylland the Arthurian legend.

Since the first publication *The Lotos-Eaters* has undergone many changes, which the notes chronicle, according to Dr. Rolfe's and Professor Churton Collins's collations.

Theme and source. The Lotos-Eaters shows that remarkable feature of Tennyson's genius,—the power of

seizing a bald situation or slender suggestion, and glorifying it with wonderful splendour of imagination and felicity of phrase. For *The Lotos-Eaters* he had Homer's very simple story of the Lotoph'agi (Gk. lotos, phago, I eat), as told by Odysseus, king of Ithaea, to king Aleinous, in the ninth book of the Odyssey.

"On the tenth day," said Odysseus, "we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now, when we had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters, and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now, whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore, I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them in the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotus and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly they smote the grey sea water with their oars." -- tr. Butcher and Lang.

Not only is there this indebtedness to Homer, but woven into the texture of the poem, as Mr. Collins and Mr. Stedman have pointed out, are many beautiful thoughts from Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Parallel passages from these authors are quoted in the notes from Mr. Stedman's translations.

In the general manner of treatment, "its languid and dreamy beauty, its soft and luscious verse, its tone and sentiment," all these, says Mr. Collins, are to be found in the two fragments from the last mentioned Greek authors.

But this tone was already in English poetry, in Spenser (cf. F. Q. ii. vi.), but more particularly in Thomson. An illustration from the latter makes clear how great was Tennyson's debt to Thomson in rhythm and idea:—

"Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest (cast)
From poppies breathed and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meanwhile unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
Thus, as they bickered through the sunny glade,

Thus, as they bickered through the sunny glade, Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

And where this valley winded out, below, The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay eastles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky," etc.

—Thomson, Castle of Indolence, i.

Before 1833, Tennyson had half caught the spell that seized upon Ulysses' mariners and the haunting melody of its metrical expression. The prelude to *The Lotos-Eaters* is *The Sea-Fairies*, which voices the weariness and futility of labour and the charm of rest and love. Listen to the rhythm of the second line, the sweetest of the new rhythms Tennyson was to introduce into English blank-verse.

'Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw, Betwixt the green brink and the running foam, Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest To little harps of gold; and while they mused Whispering to each other half in fear, Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.' The next year, thought and rhythmical harmony were developed into *The Lotos-Eaters*.

Treatment. The Lotos-Eaters is an artist's study of a mood. This mood has its antithesis in Ulysses, another work that owes its rise, in part, to classical suggestions. Just as Ulysses felt the Weltgeist, the passion to see and to know, his gray spirit

yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star;

so here the mariners of Ulysses, worn with wars and the weary seas and the bonds of discipline and duty, find all that suggests these things hateful. To forget the past with its hateful memories, the future with its duties, to slip away from all responsibility and from all effort, and to drain the cup of present pleasure—rest,—that is life for them. How that rest creeps in upon the senses from river and cataract and forest and wind; it does not need the lotos to bring the sweet oblivious draught to steep their senses in forgetfulness.

The Lotos-Eaters is then a study of a mood, an artist's study, worked out with wonderful feeling for the effects of colour, smell, sound, and movement upon human emotions. For these, as we see in the passage quoted above, the poet had his suggestions not from Homer but from Thomson; yet the whole is an artistic original, in which he creates, to harmonize with his mood, a land of drowsihead, itself drunk with the lotos,

'Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy down the yellow Lotos-dust is
blown.'

Textual changes. The changes from the text of 1833 to that of 1842 call for special comment. They are not merely verbal polishing; they give a distinctly different tone to the two versions. The later version, adding the part 'Dear is the memory,' etc., calling up the estrangement of the home affections that comes with absence,

vastly strengthened the human element in the poem, which was before mainly a picture. Then in the final stanza the somewhat commonplace definiteness, leading nowhere, disappeared, giving place to the tragic, even sublime picture of the Lucretian banquet of the gods (ll. 111ff.), which offers an apotheosis of the lotos-eating spirit. The eaters of the lotos had forgotten home and wives and duty, there could be only one greater quiescence, to despise humanity; they would be like the Gods careless of mankind and contemptuous, even bitter, as to human life. When not only their life and labour, but all life is vain, all labour a mistake, we have the supreme height of pessimism, where in the earlier version we had only the philosophy of the Sybarite.

Metrical form. The metrical character of the first part of the poem is a further link to Thomson and Spenser. In it the poet employs the well-known Spenserian stanza, with its iambic metre of eight lines pentameter followed by an Alexandrine line of six accents, the rimes being ab ab be be c. This stanza, admirable for calm narrative, is given up when the rapid changes of thought of the Choric Song break in.

Page 10. The Lotos-Eaters. The Lotos. The name Lotos (Lat. lotus, Gk. lotos) was applied by the ancients to many plants, not only those used for food but the beautiful water-lilies as of the Nile. The lotos of Homer is identified by Herodotus, iv., 177, with the North African plant, now known as Zizyphus Lotus, more usually called the Jujube (pron. jū'jub). "It is a shrub two or three feet high, a native of Persia, the north of Africa, etc., and produces in great abundance a fruit about as large as a sloe, and with a large stone, but having a sweet farinaceous pulp, which the natives of some parts of Africa make into cakes resembling gingerbread. A kind of wine is sometimes made from it."

Even in ancient times the lotos became, chiefly through Homer's account, a symbol of pleasure, and was so regarded by Heraclitus. One thinks likewise of Kingsley's association of the lotos of the Nile with Aphrodite (Hypatia, xv.).

- I. 1.-he. Ulysses, see p. 18, and notes.
- 1. 5.—swoon, etc. The air lay heavy; what motion there was came like the deep sigh of a dreaming man.
- 1. 7.-Full-faced above, etc. The original reading was:
 - 'Above the valley burned the golden moon.'
- 1. 8.—like a downward smoke. Not only because of the motion, but the curling mist would be most widespread below.
- 1. 9.—to fall and pause and fall. Notice the fine suggestion of the meaning in the three casuras in this line: 'Along the cliff to fall | and pause ' and fall | did seem'; while the vowel cadence and vowel length suggest the
- while the vowel cadence and vowel length suggest the distant slumbrous roar.
- 1. 11.—Slow-dropping veils, etc. 'Veils' is appositive nominative to 'some.' In a letter to Mr. Dawson of Montreal, Tennyson wrote: "When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among those mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words:
- Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.

When I printed this, a critic informed me that 'lawn was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to nature herself for his suggestions.' And I had gone to nature herself.

"I think it is a moot point whether—if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage—I should have ventured to publish the line." The lofty waterfall is that of the Cirque of Gavarnie, in the French Pyrenees.—Palgrave, p. 252.

Cf. Ode to Memory, 1. 53.

lawn. 'The finest linen cambric.'

- 1. 12.—wavering lights and shadows. In contrast with the steady fall of the other cataracts, these streams rushed forth, broken into rapids chequered with ever changing light and shade.
- 1. 13.—slumbrous. The fall was afar off, so that its roar and surge seemed stilled as if held in slumber.
 - l. 16.—Three silent pinnacles. This stood originally:

Three thundercloven thrones of oldest snow.

aged snow. The words suggest not only the appearance but the height of these mountain-tops covered with perpetual snow.

l. 18.—Up-clomb the shadowy pine. The dark pines could be seen ascending the mountain-side above the thickets; amidst them the cataracts fall, dashing them with spray.

the woven copse. 'Copse' is a reduced form of 'coppice,' a thicket of small trees or underwood.

Page 11. l. 19.—charmed sunset. The lovely scene charmed the sun to linger on it.

adown. An archaic form now used only in poetry. (A. S. of $+ d\bar{u}n$, 'off-hill,' hence down.)

- 1. 21.—down. 'High rolling open country.' (A. S. $d\bar{u}n$, a hill.) It was yellow from the sunset.
- l. 23.—galingale. 'Galingale' (cyperus longus) is 'a sedge having an aromatic tuberous root.' (The word is the oldest word of Chinese origin in English except perhaps 'silk.') In Theocritus, Idyl XIII., the Argonauts "cut them pointed flag-leaves and deep marsh-galingale." Palgrave says "the Papyrus species is here intended."

- 1. 25.—keel. Here, by synecdoche, 'vessel. (It is worth noting that *cēol* in A. S. means 'ship,' not 'keel'; the latter meaning apparently is due the influence of the Norse, *kilir*, pl.)
- 1. 26. faces pale against, etc. The lotos-eaters inhabiting the land descend to the ship with the sunset behind them.
- 1. 31.—gushing of the wave...shore. First came the dulling of the sense of hearing; the sea that broke upon the beach now appeared to mean on distant shores.
- 1. 34.—thin as voices from the grave. A classical notion was that the voices of the dead were thin. Homer represents the souls crying with the thin gibbering voices of bats disturbed.—Odyss. xxiv. Theocritus wrote of Hylas, "thin his voice came from the water, and hard by though he was, he seemed very far away."—Idyl XIII. So the ghosts in Virgil have a "thin voice," "vocem exiguam," Eneid, vi. 492; and in Horace, "mournful and thin,"—Sat. I. viii. Cf. Shakspere, Jul. Cas. II. ii. 24.
- 1. 36.—And music in his ears. He heard the rhythmic beating of his heart. One notices this phenomenon when 'half-asleep.'
- 1. 38.—Between the sun and moon. "Sir H. Holland... expresses surprise that no writer in prose or verse had noticed the phenomenon of the sun and moon both at full above the horizon at the same time. But he must have overlooked these lines, which show that long ago Mr. Tennyson had seen and recorded this very sight. Where he saw it admits of hardly a doubt—on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, where at one time the red sun may be seen setting over the wide marsh, and the full moon rising out of the eastern sea."—Macmillan's May, xxix. 142, and H. D. Rawnsley, Memories of the Tennysons, p. 192.

1. 42.—fields of barren foam. The 'fields' of the sea is classical, but not the picturesque epithet in 'wandering fields.' Cf. "the liquid fields," Virgil, **Eneid*, vi. 724; "fields of Neptune," id. viii. 695; Homer, "unvintaged sea," Il., I. The epithet 'wandering' is beautifully used in *In Memoriam*, vi.,

'His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud Drops in his vast and wandering grave.'

Cf. Shakspere,

"The envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air."

—Richard III., I. iv.

l. 44.—our island home. Ithaca is one of the smallest of the Ionian Islands, and lies seventeen miles west of the main land of Greece and two miles north of Cephalonia. It was the home of Ulysses and his companions, who had joined in the expedition that laid siege to Troy. On the fall of that city, Ulysses set sail for home, but was driven by storm first to Thrace, then across the Mediterranean to the coast of Libya, where he encountered the Lotophagi, as our poem narrates. These adventures, with his later experiences with Circe, the Sirens, and Calypso are related to king Alcinous, on the shores of whose kingdom Ulysses was cast. The later books of the Odyssey narrate his final return home and his reunion with his wife Penelope. See Ulysses and notes.

CHORIC SONG.

Page 12. Choric Song. A song sung by a body of singers. Usually the whole chorus sang each stanza, but frequently in the ancient choric songs, the singers were divided into two bands, singing alternate stanzas in the well-known strophe and antistrophe. Professor Adam Carruthers has pointed out to me, and he is I believe the first to notice it, that it is a decided advantage in interpretation to

regard this Choric Song as consisting of alternate choruses. The one body of singers, in parts I., III., v. and VII., voice the langour of the island, the charm of its music, of its scenery, of its vegetation, especially the lotos. In II., IV., VII., VIII., the second body answering sing the weariness of labour and wandering, freedom from the hateful memories of the past and the trammels of the future, and the final resolve to cease from toil and live at ease like the Gods. There is a shadow of evidence in favour of this in the closing line of the poem, when the singers cry:

'O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.'

Ι.

- 1. 47. -blown. Full-blown.
- 1. 49.—gleaming. Not from "the particles of mica and quartz in the granite" (Rowe-Webb), but from the half-bright sky and its reflected light in the water, seen between the deep darkness of the shadowy granite walls.

shadowy granite. To suggest height by the depth of the shadows.

- 1. 50. Music, that gentlier, etc. Cf. Moschus, ii. 3f.
 - "When Sleep that sweeter on the eyelids lies Than honey, and doth fetter down the eyes With gentle bond."

And Theocritus, v. 51,

- "The fleece of lambs, softer than downy Sleep."
- l. 51.—tir'd. Dr. Rolfe prints 'tired' in this line, as it is, he says, not monosyllabic, and it is contrary to Tennyson's custom to abbreviate verbs ending in e.
- l. 53. Here are cool mosses deep, etc. $\,$ Cf. Theorritus, v. 45ff.
 - "Here are the oaks, and here the galingale,
 The bees are sweetly humming near their hives;
 Here are twin fountains of cool water....here the pine
 From overhead casts down to us its cones."

1. 55. -- weep. Droop down.

1. 56.—the poppy hangs in sleep. The flower sacred to Demē'ter. Some species yield opium, others edible seeds; the smell of the flower is usually slightly narcotic.

II.

1. 61.—the first. The highest and best,—a sense of the numeral common to many languages.

l. 66.—slumber's . . . balm. Cf. Macbeth's lamentation.—

"The innocent sleep....

Balm of hurt minds."

Macbeth, II. i.

Page 13. l. 69. -roof and crown. Since man is the consummation of the scheme of creation.

TIT

1. 72.—With. By. So l. 86, in earlier editions, read 'with.' This use of 'with' after the passive verb was more common in earlier English.

1. 73.—care. Forethought, anxiety for the morrow; cf. Matt. vi. 28ff.

1. 78.—waxing. Growing. (A.S. weaxan, to grow.)

1. 83.—Fast-rooted. The whole round of its destiny is fulfilled there, in its place; then should the Mariners cease from wandering and be like the flower.

IV.

1. 84.—Hateful is the dark blue sky, etc. From Virgil—"Heaven's vault is weariness to look upon," *Æneid*, iv. 451.

Stanza IV. has many suggestions of Moschus, v. 4ff.

When the gray deep has sounded, and the sea Climbs up in foam and far the loud waves roar, I seek for land and trees, and flee the brine, And earth to me is welcome: the dark wood Delights me, where, although the great wind blow, The pine-tree sings. An evil life indeed The fisherman's, whose vessel is his home, The sea his toil, the fish his wandering prey.

But sweet to me to sleep beneath the plane Thick-leaved; and near me I would love to hear The bubble of the spring, that murmuring Disturbs him not, but is the woodman's joy.

1. 86.—Death is the end . . . be? Cf. 1 Cor. xv. 32.

Page 14. ll. 91ff. -all things are taken...Past. So in Lucretius (Rowe-Webb): "Short is this enjoyment for poor weak men, presently it will all be over, and never after may it be called back." De Revum Nat., iii, 914. The past is 'dreadful,' as swallowing up all that they would like to hold but which inexorable fate snatches away.

1. 92.—Portions and parcels. A poetical variation of "part and parcel," in which 'parcel' shows its original force, 'a small part' (M. L. particella from L. dim. particula).

l. 95.—climbing up the climbing wave. Toiling with the oar over waves that mount with the ship. The periphrasis suggest the monotony of the rower's work. Mr. Collins thinks this echoes Virgil's "conscendi navibus æquor," *Æneid*, 1. 381, which he renders, "I climbed up the sea." There is a parallel, as he points out, in Shakspere:

"And let the labouring barque climb hills of seas."

-Othello, ii. i.

V.

I. 102.—amber light. Cf. l. 19.

1. 103.—myrrh-bush. The myrrh shrub is a spiny shrub with scanty foliage, small green axillary flowers, and small oval fruits.

l. 106. crisping ripples. The L. crispus means curled, wavy. Milton has 'crisped brook' (Paradise Lost, IV.).

1. 109. mild-minded melancholy. The first trace of this phrase is in a sonnet, which Tennyson suppressed after its publication in *The Englishman's Magazine*, 1831,

'Speak low, and give up wholly

The spirit to mild-minded Melancholy.'

l. 113.—white dust...urn of brass. The ashes of the dead collected from the funeral pyre were placed in beautiful vases of gold, marble or clay (cinerary urns) and preserved in the family mausoleum. See *Odyss.* xxiv But this was with the rich; the poor were buried.

7.1

- Page 15. l. 114.—Dear is the memory, etc. The stanza was added in the version of 1842.
 - 1. 117.—Now our . . . hearths are cold. The pathos of this line is very great. Around the hearth and home were gathered the strongest and most sacred memories and the dearest ties of social life; all these were blotted out with the dissolution of their homes, signified by the extinction of the hearth-fire.
 - l. 118.—inherit us. Succeed to our possessions.
 - 1. 119.—like ghosts, etc. Cf. Macheth, III. iv., Banquo's ghost appearing to the feasters.
 - 1. 120.—island princes. Rulers of the Ionian islands around Ithaca; see note to l. 44, and cf. Odyss, i.
 - 1. 121.—the minstrel sings before them. Thus the old epic poetry was rendered; cf. Odyss. i. and Bēowulf, l. 868ff. "It was his duty," says Gladstone of the bard of the heroic age, "to descant upon the freshest and most interesting subjects: and the events at Troy were reckoned to have pre-eminent attractions, even at the distant court of Alkinoos, before Odusseus had reached his island home."—Homer, p. 9.
 - 1. 122.—war in Troy. The siege and sack of Troy from which they were returning. Its object had been to avenge Menelaus, whose wife Helen had been carried off by Paris, son of king Priam of Troy.
 - l. 126.—hard to reconcile. They were being blown over the seas at the will of the Gods; it seemed hard to propitiate them.

1. 132. pilot-stars. Fixed stars, such as the North Star, by which the sailors could steer.

VII.

1. 133.—But, propt, etc. The original reading was: 'Or propt on lavish beds.' Cf. Theocritus, v. 31ff.

"More sweetly will you sing Propt underneath the olive, in these groves. Here are cool waters plashing down," etc.

amaranth. An imaginary flower supposed never to fade. (Gk. a-marantos, not-iading.) So Milton addresses it, "Immortal amarant," etc., Pavadise Lost, III. 353.

moly (mö'le). A fabulous herb with black root and milk white flower. Hermes gave the plant to Ulysses to free him from the spell of Circe's draught (Odyss., x.). (Gk. molu, moly.) Cf. Milton, Comus, l. 636.

l. 136.—heaven dark and holy. Not "Shaded with "ds and wrapt in a religious calm" (Rowe-Webb); for it would be strange they should wish a clouded sky when they love the "warm airs," l. 134. The dreamers depict the joy of lying at night under the mountain pines (l. 18), with the sea "far off." The "heaven dark and holy" is the darkness of the sky and hush of nature at night. This offers the desired contrast with l. 133, and is supported by "the dewy echoes." Bright river" and "sparkling brine" are in harmony with the conception of a moonlit night. Cf.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine.'

—Dream of Fair Women.

Some may prefer a closer connection with v., referring 'dark and holy' to the 'dark-blue' sky which even in day-light is almost black, seen from a mountain-height.

Page 16. l. 139.—dewy echoes. The echoes from the mountain caves, among the dewy underwoods and spraydashed vines. 1. 141. To watch. The original reading was: to hear.

emerald. Bright green.

1. 142. acanthus-wreath divine. Acanthus is the name among the Greeks and Romans for the bear's breech or brankursine; a tall shrub with beautiful spiny leaves, much admired by the ancients, who used the leaves in their architectural designs. (Gk. akanthos, from akantha, a spine.) The 'wreath' is poetically the thick interlacing foliage: it is 'divine,' because supremely beautiful.

VIII.

- l. 145.—barren. This originally read 'flowery.'
- 148. -- alley. Path bordered with shrubs. (Fr. allée, path.)
 - l. 149. spicy. Fragrant.

"Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales."

—Pope, Windsor Forest.

- l. 149.—Lotos-dust. The pollen of the Lotos flowers.
- l. 150.—We have had enough. Notice the sudden change of the rhythm. The iambic measure with its calm movement gives place to a swinging trochaic metre of seven or eight accents, till, when the bitterness of despair and the moment of resolution are past, they return (ll. 154f.) to the calm iambic of content.

The original has been greatly changed from this point on. The effect of the changes is noticed under "Textual changes" above. The original reading was:

'We have had enough of motion, Weariness and wild alarm, Tossing on the tossing ocean, Where the tusked seahorse walloweth In a stripe of grassgreen calm,

At noon tide beneath the lea;

And the monstrous narwhale swalloweth

His foamfountains in the sea.

Long enough the winedark wave our weary bark did carry.

This is lovelier and sweeter.

Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,

In the hollow rosy vale to tarry.

Like a dreamy Lotos-eater, a delirious Lotos-eater!

We will eat the Lotos, sweet

As the yellow honeycomb,

In the valley some, and some

On the ancient heights divine;

And no more roam,

On the loud hoar foam,

To the melancholy home

At the limit of the brine,

The little Isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline.

We'll lift no more the shattered oar,

No more unfurl the straining sail;

With the blissful Lotos-eaters pale

We will abide in the golden vale

Of the Lotos-land, till the Lotos fail;

We will not wander more.

Hark! how sweet the horned ewes bleat

On the solitary steeps,

And the merry lizard leaps,

And the foamwhite waters pour;

And the dark pine weeps,

And the lithe vine creeps.

And the heavy melon sleeps

On the level of the shore:

Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will not wander more.

Surely, surely slumber is sweeter than toil, the shore

Than labour in the ocean, and rowing with the oar.

Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will return no more.'

 1. 151. -starboard. The right-hand side of the ship as one faces the bow. (A. S. stēorbord, stēor, rudder, bord, side.)

larboard. The left-hand side as one looks from stern to bow; now called 'port.' (Mid. E. laddebord, the side for lading the vessel.)

- 1. 152.—wallowing monster. The whale.
- 1. 153.—equal. Undisturbed, unchanging. The phrase 'equal mind' is classical;

" Æquam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem."

-Horace, Odes, II. iii. 1.

- l. 154.—the hollow Lotos-land. Cf. ll. 7, 20.
- l. 155. -like the Gods. . . careless of mankind. conception of the gods and their attitude to mankind is that of Epicurus and his school, and was immediately suggested by Lucretius, De Revam Nat. iii. 15ff. (Collins). But a closer parallel to the picture here is furnished by Goethe, Iphigenie auf Tauris, iv. (Bayne):

"Sie aber, sie bleiben In ewigen Festen An goldenen Tischen. Sie schreiten vom Berge Zu berge hinüber: Aus Schlünden der Tiefe Dampft ihnen der Athem Erstickter Titanen. Gleich Opfergerüchen. Ein leichtes Gewölke."

But they, they remain In everlasting feastings At golden tables. They stride from mountain To mountain across: While out of the abysses of the Steams up to them the breath Of strangled Titans. Like the smoke of sacrifices. A light cloud.

Substitute men for Titans and we have Tennyson's conception.

1. 135.—nectar. The fabled drink of the gods, served to them by the cup-bearers. Hebe and Ganymede.

bolts. Zeus wielded the thunderbolt.

- Page 17, 1. 158. golden houses . . . gleaming world. The palace of Zeus was fabled to be on the summit of Mount Olympus in Thessalv; the epithet 'golden' is commonly used with the possessions of the gods, though the effect of sunlight on the mountain-top; may here be intended; around the palace spread the sunny and starry heavens.
 - l. 160. -roaring deeps and fiery sands. The perils of the sea and of the desert.
 - 1. 162.—cents d. Consisting essentially.
 - 1. 164.—a ta of little meaning. This is Macbeth's cry.

"Life's but a walking shadow . . . it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

-Macbeth v. v.

The 'ancient tale' here is the complaints of markind, rising to the gols from the earliest ages, which, though uttered in hitter words, affect them no more than an bile tale.

L 167. little dues. Scanty returns.

1. 169. Suffer endless anguish. The tortures of Tantalus, Sisyphus, Ixion, etc., are here alluded to.

Elysian valleys. Elysium, or the Elysian fields, represented paradise to the Greeks. Amidst its groves and on its meadows set with asphodel, wandered the blessed dead, the heroes who died in battle, the noble poets, the benefactors of humanity.

 170. -asphodel. The white asphodel, a sort of lily, with a pale blossom. It grows freely in waste places, such as burial grounds, and so was associated with death and the shades.

"I remember the poet's pointing out to me the improvement effected later by the introduction of the last paragraph setting forth the Lucretian Philosophy respecting the Gods, their abodiess from all human interests and elevated action, an Epicurean, and therefore hard-hearted, repuse, sweetened, not troubled by the endless wall from the earth. The sudden change of metre in the last paragraph has a highly artistic effect, that of throwing the bulk of the poem as it were into a remote distance."—Aubrey de Vere, in A. T., A Memoir, I, 504.

1:30

ULYSSES.

Composition and publication. This poem first appeared in the greatest of Tennyson's books—his *Poems*, in two vols., 1842. It was written "soon after Arthur Hallam's death (1833) and gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memorium*." The merit of this poem won for the poet a pension of £200 a year from the government of Sir Robert Peel (1845).

Theme and source. It represents Ulysses in his old age still inspired for heroic adventure. This subject Tennyson borrowed from Dante. "Yes," said Tennyson to Frederick Locker-Lampson, "there is an echo of Dante in it." In Canto XXVI. of the *Inferno*, Dante and Virgil approach the abode of those who suffer for treachery. Here they see Ulysses and Diomede, and Ulysses speaks to them of his adventures after he left Circe—

" Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence For my old father, nor the due affection Which joyous should have made Penelope. Could overcome within me the desire I had to be experienced of the world, And of the vice and virtue of mankind; But I put forth on the high open sea With one sole ship, and that small company By which I never had deserted been, Both of the shores I saw as far as Spain, Far as Morocco, and the isle of Sardes, And the others which that sea bathes round about. I and my company were old and slow When at that narrow passage we arrived Where Hercules his landmarks set as signals, That man no farther onward should adventure. On the right hand behind me left I Seville, And on the other already had left Ceuta. 'O brothers, who amid a hundred thousand Perils,' I said, 'have come unto the West, To this so inconsiderable vigil

Which is remaining of your senses still, Be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge, Following the sun of the unpeopled world.

Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang; Ye were not made to live like unto brutes, But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge.'

So eager did I render my companions,

With this brief exhortation, for the voyage, That then I hardly could have held them back.

And having turned our stern unto the morning, We of the oars made wings for our mad flight, Evermore gaining on the larboard side.

Already all the stars of the other pole

The night beheld, and ours so very low
It did not rise above the ocean floor.

Five times rekindled and as many quenched
Had been the splendour underneath the moon,

Since we had entered into the deep pass,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dim
From distance, and it seemed to me so high

From distance, and it seemed to me so high As I had never any one beheld.

Joyful were we, and soon it turned to weeping; For out of the new land a whirlwind rose, And smote upon the fore part of the ship.

Three times it made it whirl with all the waters, At the fourth time it made the stern uplift, And the prow downward go, as pleased Another, Until the sea above us closed again."

 $(Long fellow's\ translation.)$

There is likewise an echo of Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida, 111. iii., the speech of Ulysses, especially the lines—

"Perseverence, dear my lord, Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail In monumental mockery,"—

which might be taken as the key of the whole poem (see Il. 22, 23).

Treatment. The treatment is most happy. The general form is the monologue. The situation is stirring—Ulysses in his old age bidding farewell to his native isle, to his son whom he leaves behind to rule.

and exhorting his old comrades to the new adventures to which they are about to set forward. The poem is characteristic of one of the divisions of Tennyson's greatest work—his classical reproductions—the name and story in the poem are old, but Ulysses' character is imbaed with the nineteenth century spirit of progress, love of nature, and romance.

"Tennyson's Ulysses is an Englishman of the Nelson wars rather than a Greek, and his feeling for his old salts is a distinctively Christian sentiment. So, indeed, is his desire for effort, discovery, labour, to the end."—Bayne, Lessons from My Masters.

The following points may be considered in the study of the poem:—

- I. (a) What is the form of the poem?
 - (b) Who is the speaker? Who are present? Show the moment and occasion of the speech.
- II. (a) What view or views of life are put forward by the speaker? Compare the spirit of the poem with that of The Lotos-Eaters.
 - (b) Do you see any reflection of Victorian spirit in the speaker?
- III. (a) What is the attitude of the speaker towards nature? Note special phrases.
 - (b) Is it in keeping with Tennyson's general attitude?
- Note the qualities that distinguish the character of Ulysses.
 - v. (a) What is the predominant feeling of the poem?
 - (b) Is it characteristic of Tennyson's temperament?
- VI. -(a) What is the source of the outlines of the story suggested in the poem?
 - (h) Are there any earlier reproductions of classical story in English poetry?

Metrical form. Note the monologue form; and the blank verse, which has a movement peculiarly Tennysonian.

- Page 18. Title—Ulysses. King of Ithaca, the hero of Homer's Odyssey, which recounts his adventures after the siege of Troy. Driven by Neptune, he wandered for twenty years over the world encountering romantic adventures—with the Lotos-Eaters, the Cyclops, Circe, the Sirens, Calypso, Nausicaa—reaching home and his wife at last alone.
 - 1. 3.—an aged wife. Penelope (pe nel' \bar{o} $p\bar{e}$), whom he married in his youth and who was faithful to him throughout his long absence.
 - l. 4.—unequal. Varying, imperfect—because of the rude conditions of justice.
 - 7.—drink life to the lees. An echo of Shakspere—
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.
 —Macbeth, II, III, III. 100.
 - l. 8.—suffered greatly. Rendering the epithet of Ulysses in Homer—'much-enduring.'

those that loved me. His comrades who left Troy with him and were with him in the land of the Lotos-Eaters, Cyclops, Circe. Ulysses was alone among the Phæacians after his shipwreck.

l. 10.—scudding drifts. The drifting seud — low clouds or spray.

Hyades (hī' ah dēz). That is, 'the rainers,' the name of nymphs forming a group of seven stars in the head of Taurus. They were entrusted by Zeus with the care of his infant son Dionysius, and were afterwards placed by Zeus among the stars. The constellation of the Hyades, when rising simultaneously with the sun, announced rainy weather.

Arcturum pluviasque Hyades geminosque Triones.
—Virgil, *Æneid*, III. 516.

l. 11.--a name. Famous.

Il. 16-17.—And drunk delight of battle windy Troy. In these splendid lines "we may perhaps recognise the striking word χάρμη ('the stern joy which warriors feel'), which occurs, for example, four times in *Iliad*, xvii." (Mustard). The Latin phrase is certaminis gaudia, used by Jordanis of Attila.

windy Troy. A favorite epithet in Homer—*Iliad*, XII. 115, XVIII. 174. Ancient Troy (Asia Minor) was situated on a plain near the Dardanelles, backed by the mountains called Ida. The epithet suggests the lofty city; cf. Marlowe's "topless towers of Ilium."

1. 18.—I am a part. I have entered into--participated in—and influenced. Used by Virgil of Æneas and his adventures.

Quorum pars magna fui.
—Æneid, II, 6.

Cf. (Van Dyke).

"I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me."

—Byron, Childe Harold, III. lxxii.

1. 19.—arch, etc. *I.e.*, giving ever-widening vistas of possibilities. Used by Virgil of the Ausonian fields.—*Eneid*, III. 496.

Page 19. l. 23.—To rust unburnish'd. Contrast Falstaff's expression—

 $\lq\lq$ I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be secured to nothing with perpetual motion."

-Henry IV., Part 2, 1. ii. 245.

- I. 26.—every hour. I.e., every hour that remains of my life is still safe from death—nay, it is something more than saved—it can bring, etc.
- 1. 30.—gray spirit. Obj. after hoard. Worn with age and toil—a striking figure.
- 1. 33 Telemachus (te lem' a kus). The only son of Ulysses and Penelope. When Ulysses had been absent

from home nearly twenty years, Telemachus went to Pylos and Sparta to gain information about his father. He lived in the company and under the guidance of Athene as Mentes, or Mentor. Hence his repute for discretion. He returned home in time to welcome his father and assist him in slaying his mother's suitors.

- l. 40.—decent. In Lat. sense—decet, it becomes—of a becoming character, regardful of proprieties.
- 1. 42.—household gods. Both Greeks and Romans had household or family gods, whose images (*Pena'tes*) were kept in the *penetralia* or central part of the house. The Penates had their place at the hearth of every house, and the table also was sacred to them. On the hearth a perpetual fire was kept up in their honour, and the table always bore the salt-cellar and the first fruits for these divinities.
- 1. 43.—He works his work, I mine. Contrast the two ideals of life.
- 1. 45.- my mariners. What does Tennyson gain by giving back to Ulysses all his comrades lost (in Homer) to the last man before Ulysses' return?
- Page 20. l. 53.—men that strove with gods. Opposed to the Greeks in the siege of Troy were not only the Trojans but Venus, Apollo, Mars, Diana.
 - 55.—the long day wanes. The unusual choice of evening for sailing is in harmony with the last exploit of Ulysses' day.
 - Il. 58, 60,—sitting . . . smite the sounding furrows. "We have one of the recurrent lines of the *Odyssey* that delight the schoolboy's heart,—'and sitting orderly they smote the gray sea with their oars'" (Mustard).
 - 1. 61.—the baths of all the western stars. "We have the Homeric fancy in which all the stars except the Bear are dipt in "the baths of Ocean." "The Bear, which

they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean "—Od., v. 275 (Mustard).

- l. 62.—gulfs. The yawning waves.
- 1. 63.—Happy Isles. 'The Happy Isles, the Fortunata Insular of the Romans, the αί τῶν Μακάμων υῆσοι of the Greeks, have been identified by geographers as those islands in the Atlantic off the west coast of Africa; some take them to mean the Canary Islands, the Madeira group and the Azores, while they may have included the Cape de Verde Islands as well. What seems certain is that these places with their soft delicious climate and lovely scenery gave the poets an idea of a happy abode for departed spirits, and so the conception of the Elysian Fields."—J. Churton Collins. See Homer, Odyssey, iv. 563 ff.
- 1. 64.—the great Achilles. The most heroic figure among the Greeks in the war with Troy, as well as the handsomest and gentlest; son of Peleus, king of Thessaly; his slaying of Hector was the prelude to the capture of Troy, but he himself fell by treachery before the city was won. His arms were given to his comrade Ulysses.
- 1. 69.—strong in will. Cf. Tennyson's poem Will, beginning:—

O well for him whose will is strong He suffers, but he will not suffer long, etc.

YOU ASK ME, WHY.

Composition and publication. The group of poems "You ask me, why," "Of old sat Freedom," "Love thou thy land," were first printed in the Poems by Alfred Tennyson, 1842, but a note in that edition states that they were written about 1833. They were suggested by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill of 1832, and its rejection by the House of Lords (Aubrey de Vere).

The theme. These poems, with Locksley Hall, are the expression of Tennyson's thought during a period of acute political conflict that led to and followed the Reform Bill of 1832. That measure, though it entranchised the middle classes only, caused great misapprehensions as to the result of this capitulation of aristocracy to democracy. But the Reform Bill offered no franchise to the artisan or the farm labourer. And with the growth of industrialism, great cities of workingmen, such as Leeds and Birmingham, had grown-up and were demanding a share in the government. This demand of a still wider democracy took form in "The People's Charter," which from 1833-1848 best represents the efforts of the artisans to obtain the franchise (see Charles Kingsley's Alton Locke). The second Reform Bill, 1867, enfranchised the artisans, the bills of 1884 5, the labourers. What attitude does Tennyson take towards the political questions involved? Where should the Poet stand? Compare his view with the ideas of the French Revolution, with the ideas of socialism, of nihilism. Note the essential idea that is put forth in each of the three poems of this group. Tennyson's remark is interesting: "I am of the same politics as Shakspere, Bacon, and every sane man." "It would have been more true to say," adds Professor Collins, "that he was of the same politics as Burke."

Metrical form. Note the poet's use of a stanza which, though not original with him, he has made in In Memorium characteristically his own—the iambic tetrameter quatrain, a bh a, called the Tennysonian stanza or In Memorium stanza.

- Page 21. 1. 3. Falter in. Till 1845 this read -fail within.
 - l. 4.—purple seas. As of the Mediterranean; cf. ll. 25-28.
 - 1. 12.—precedent. Used here in a quasi-legal sense—the legal decision or constitutional enactment that confirmed the Englishman's political liberty. Compare Burke's view of the English constitution.
 - 13. —gathers head. Or comes to a head—attains a dangerous eminence.
 - 1. 17.—banded unions. The reference is only to factions, not to trade-unions, though the trade-unions were a considerable question even in the politics of the time.
 - 18.—induce. In its Latin sense—bring on (in-duco, I lead.)
 - l. 19.—single thought. The thought of the individual.
 - 1. 24.—golden sand. A classical suggestion of the river Pactolus with its golden sands,

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Theme. In the preceding poem, Tennyson founds his love of England primarily because England is the home of liberty. In this poem he presents picturesquely the history of liberty, (i) a divine idea, of which many had only partial intimations; (ii) then a partially realized principle in life; (iii) last (in England), a beneficent ruling power in human life. What lines in the preceding poem does this poem expand?

- Page 22. l. 1.—Freedom . . . on the heights. Like a goddess on Olympus, beyond the reach of men.
 - 1. 5. There in. In 1850 this read-Within.
 - I. 6.—self-gather'd. Alone and self-sufficient.
 - ll. 6-8.—prophet mind . . . voice. Like an oracle among the mountains, whose voice is heard among the roar of winds and waters.
 - 1. 9.—thro' town and field. The development of civil liberty.
 - l. 13.—Grave mother, etc. This is the "full" picture of liberty—as realized in England in constitutional monarchy. Note all the qualities that constitute the poet's idea of liberty.
 - l. 15.—God-like . . . triple forks. Like Jove wielding the thunderbolt. The epithet is from Ovid, who speaks of the three-forked bolt of Jove—" Jovis telum trisuleum" *Ibis*, 467.
 - l. 18.—thousand years. Note the relation of this period to the history of English liberty.
- Page 23. l. 24.—The falsehood of extremes. This expresses Tennyson's exact attitude. See Introduction.

LOVE THOU THY LAND.

The theme. In this poem Tennyson gives his idea of what love of country is, of the practical duties of the patriot, the dangers he must face, the necessity he is under of seeing in the present the mysterious movements of progress that will dominate the future. Suggest topic headings for the parts of the poem, and concrete illustrations of its general statements.

The treatment. "Solid and noble in thought and stately in diction."—Wordsworth. The effort after gnomic verse has, however, given some obscure lines.

- Page 23. l. 2.—From out the storied Past. Founded in knowledge of the nation's history.
 - 1, 12.—lime. Catch (used of birds) by means of birdlime. A sticky substance is smeared on twigs to catch small birds.
 - l. 17f.—knowledge . . . reverence. Tennyson repeats the association in *In Memoriam*, Invocation—
 - "Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell."
 - 1. 20.—and. First ed., or.
- Page 24. l. 28.—watch-words. The cries and catch-words of party polities.
 - 1. 36.—close. Include (Fr. clos, closed, from L. claudo).
 - 1. 37.—cold and warm . . . moist and dry. The four elements, earth, air, fire, water, out of which, variously blended, all things, according to the ancients, were formed.
 - l. 44.—the basis of the soul. This philosophic idea, as usually stated, is that the personal identity remains constant throughout the changing phenomena of experience.
- Page 25. l. 45.—let the change which comes, etc. Tennyson iterates his belief in ordered progress -of precedent joined to precedent.

- 1. 51. thunder-peals. Picturesque, for warfare and tumult.
- 1. 54.—A motion. The word is purposely vague, as the new phases of life are not yet manifest—partly defined as "the spirit of the years to come," striving to be realised in conscious, organic human life.
- l. 57.—A slow-develop'd strength. A further explana
 - l. 59.—Phantoms. In apposition with "strength."
- 1. 60 New Majesties. In apposition with "forms of rule."
- 1. 61. warders. In apposition with "phantoms," which it explains, picturing them as watching and guarding the approaching transformation.
- 1. 67.—Regard gradation. Take care to secure changes gradually, step by step.
- Page 26. l. 69.—idol-fires. Fig. for fanatical devotion to wrong causes, which brings humiliation.
 - 1. 74.—manhood. In days of the world's maturity.
 - 1. 78. -shock. Meet in armed conflict.
 - 1. 80.—Principles are rained in blood. I.e., must be imbued with blood of battle. Cf. the idea in "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."
 - 1. 81.—Nor yet the wise. The protasis of the condition expressed in Il. 73–80, is now followed by the first apodosis, Il. 81–92, and the second, Il. 93–96.
 - Not yet. Not the less (because of war) would the wise and humane man, etc.
 - 1. 94. bear blossom of the dead. The flower of civilization to-day comes from the struggles of the past. With care it becomes fruit in the future (cf. 1. 93).
 - 1. 95. —Earn well the thrifty months. Take time, but use time wisely, for from wise labour in the present comes thrift.

LYRICS FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Composition and publication. Tennyson began *The Princess* in 1845. It was published, without the interlude songs, in 1847. These were added in the third edition, 1850. Tennyson, in a letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson, speaks of the addition: "Before the first edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem; again, I thought, the poem will explain itself; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them."

The facsimiles in the text are used, by permission, from the MS, of the late Chancellor Rand.

"The Princess" and the Interlude Songs. Princess purports to be a story told on a summer day in a great English park, with songs sung by the ladies in the breaks of the story, "like linnets in the pauses of the wind." The theme is the conflict of the new ambitions of womanhood warring with the love of child and man in the soul of a great-hearted woman. The theme is wrought out in the story. Princess Ida of the South, is betrothed to a Prince of the North; but, ambitious of learning, she disdains marriage, founds a college of women, to which she, with her ladies, retires. The Prince, with two of his gentlemen, disguised themselves as women and sought admission. [Interlude song-"As thro the land." They are received by the Princess, instructed in the strict rules, attend lectures, and watch the college sports till evening chapel. [Interlude song-"Sweet and low." The next day the Princess Ida took them on an expedition, when the disguised prince spoke to her of the love the Prince of the North had for her: she to him of her new hopes for women, till the sun set among the hills. [Interlude song—"The splendour falls."] As they sat there one lady sang of "Tears, idle tears," the Prince sang his secret in "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south," when Cyril, forgetting himself, struck up a tavern-catch, and the Prince cried, "Forbear, sir." They were discovered, captured, and thrust out the gates. [Interlude song—"Thy roice is heard."] Meanwhile the Northern king has come armed to the rescue of his son. Arac, the Princess's brother, takes the field against him, and in the tournament the Prince was struck down. [Interlude song—"Home they brought her warrior dead."] Pity for the wounded Prince moved the Princess Ida to nurse him. [Interlude song—"Ask me no more."] In the long watches love came to the Princess and she was won.

Throughout the poem the influence of the child of Lady Blanche steals over all. And in the interlude songs we are made to feel the sweetness, and power, and worth of childhood in human life.

Suggest significant titles for these poems.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

The theme. "Tennyson told me," said Frederick Locker-Lampson, that "he was moved to write 'Tears, idle tears' at Tintern Abbey; and that it was not real woe, as some people might suppose; 'it was rather the longing that young people occasionally experience for that which seems to have passed away from them for ever."—A. T., Memoir, II. 73.

Hallam Tennyson quotes his father's saying: "The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in Tears, idle tears, which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories. Few know that it is a blank

verse lyric. He thought my uncle Charles' sonnet, 'Time and twilight,' had the same sort of mystic, dimonisch feeling."—A. T., Memoir, I. 253.

The feeling of the poem is a touch of Welt-schmerz, the pathos of inevitable change. Taine regards this and the love song in Maud as two rare instances where Tennyson's emotion becomes passion.

Metrical form. It is, as Tennyson says, "a blank verse lyric." The movement is a five-accent pentameter line, in five-line stanzas, the stanzas marked by trochaic inversion. Study how the lyric effect is wrought out of the repetitions, alliterations, vowel-sequences and refrain. Note that each stanza is given a specific picture of change or separation, those in the second, third, and fourth stanzas building up by simile the impression of the initial scene and feeling.

- Page 27. l. l.—idle tears. Virgil's lacrimae inanes (Eneid, 1v. 449) or fletus inanes (Georgics, 1v. 375).—Mustard.
 - 1. 14.—glimmering square. The early morning light, glimmering through the window, makes it seem to those within a square of light. Cf. (Van Dyke):

And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white.

Leigh Hunt, Hero and Leander, ii. 103f.

INTERLUDE SONGS.

1.- "AS THRO THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT."

Theme. The quarrel of lovers often means the deepening of affection when they are again reconciled. The idea is not new, cf. Richard Edward's lyric "Amantium irae amoris redintegratio est," and Terence, Andria, l. 555 (Van Dyke). Tennyson works the idea out in the concrete—the power of the child—even the sight of its grave—to bring together the estranged husband and wife.

Treatment. The poem shows Tennyson's power in the treatment of the tender emotions. The effect is wrought by lyric means—refrain, cadences, etc. Notice how the abundant liquid consonants lend melody.

Metrical form. The poem is made up in general of four-accent and three-accent iambic lines. Note the binding quality of the repeated rimes with "tears."

Page 28. l. 4.— O we fell out . . . why. This line was added in 1851. Why? So, too, was l. 13.

II. 6-9.—And blessings . . . tears. Omitted in edd, from 1851-1865. Try the effect of the poem without these four lines.

2.—"THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS."

Theme. The power of wife and child to inspire the husband to heroic deed.

Treatment. The idea is worked out picturesquely the soldier called to battle.

Metrical form. Eight four-accent iambic lines, in two quatrains of alternate rimes, ab ab, cd cd.

Page 28. ll. 1, 2. Thy voice is heard, etc. The first reading in 1850, was

When all among the thundering drums. Thy soldier in the battle stands.

1. 8. - And strikes him dead. The first reading of 1850, was-

Strikes him dead, for them and thee: Tara ta tantara!

("The trumpets blow.")

Compare the treatment and effect in another version of the poem written for singing:—

Lady, let the rolling drums
Beat to battle where thy warrior stands:
Now thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.

Lady, let the trumpets blow, Clasp thy little babes about thy knee: Now their warrior father meets the foe, And strikes him dead for thine and thee,

3.—"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS."

[THE BUGLE SONG.]

Composition. This poem grew out of Tennyson's visit to the Lakes of Killarney in 1848. Mrs. Anne Thackerary Ritchie records a reminiscence of Tennyson's about the echo at Killarney, where he said to the boatman, "When I last was here I heard eight echoes, and now I only hear one." To which the man, who had heard people quoting the "Bugle Song," replied, "Why, you must be the gentleman who brought all the money to the place."

The theme. The poet depicts the beauty of the mountain echoes, using the image to describe and enhance the eternal mutual influences of two loving souls.

Treatment. The picturesqueness of the poem results from the gathered images of the scene present to the poet's eye. "It is marvellous that so many of the chief characteristics of Killarney should have found place in so short a poem" (Aubrey de Vere). The

beauty of these lakes is due in part to the marvellous light and color- "the sunshine passing through an atmosphere which is constantly purified by passing showers, . . . The rain-squall has passed, and you are rewarded with a transformation scene that must have been borrowed from fairy-land." There are three lakes the Lower Lake (Louch Leane), the Middle Lake (Muckross Lake), and the Upper Lake. They lie beside the mountains of Kerry-one of which, Purple Mountain, has Tennyson's epithet (l. 11.) for title. If they are not "snowy summits," there are many over 2,000 feet high. On the Lower Lake stand the ruins of Ross Castle, which dates from 1500. It was besieged in the reign of Charles I. Near the Middle Lake is the Torc Cascade, a pretty, broken cataract. The view here of the wooded ravine, two lakes, and the mountains is most picturesque. There is also a Sullivan's Cascade, back from the west shore of the Lower Lake, with other waterfalls. The most famous echo in Killarnev proceeds from Eagles' Nest-a high cliff and glen behind it, on the Long Range, an outlying part of the Upper Lake. The bugler stands at the foot of the valley. "The echoes of the notes of the octave are repeated several times, and artfully set going again before they die away." The view here is perfect-"mountain, water, woodland, in exquisite combination, and bathed in an atmosphere of fairy-land" (Ward).

Study the use Tennyson has made of the suggestions of reality. How has he generalized them? How has he heightened them? How, especially, has he found a strong close for the poem?

Metrical form. The poem is made up of three sixline stanzas, of which the first four lines are iambic; there is internal rime in ll. 1 and 3; there is interlacing end rime $a \ b \ c \ b$, of which b is a feminine rime. The final lines have also feminine rimes $c \ c \ c$. The scansion of ll. 5, 6 will be disputed. Van Dyke and Chambers make them iambic lines of five and six accents respectively. But no one ever read the lines so. There are four main accents.—

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.

The movement is predominantly dactyllic ('AAF). The light syllables are not used in the first foot, except in l. 18. L. 6 is properly a dactyllic line of four accents, though some may read the last three words as three trochees.

Some lines are irregular. Note, for instance, the suggestive effect of the broken metre in "and the wild' cat'aract," with the cumulation of accents.

Note the lyric effect of the abundant alliteration, rime, liquids.

Page 30. l. 9.—scar. A bare, isolated rock. (Icel., sker, connected with shear.)

l. 10.—horns of Elfland. The image is peculiarly delicate, beautiful, and suggestive. Tennyson was fond of the image. Cf.

And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the land
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.

—Tennyson, Idylls of the King, Guinevere.

4.—HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

Theme. The inspiration and comfort of the child to the bereaved wife.

Treatment. The thought is wrought out picturesquely in the setting of chivalry. Suggest a title for the poem.

Source. The poem is a version, with a milder, Victorian ending, of a passage in the Icelandic *Tale of Gudrun*, which he read in Conybeare's *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*.

"Gudrun was nigh unto death, as she sat sorrowing over Sigurd. She made no loud cry, nor wrung her hands, nor wept as other women use. The wise men came and tried to soothe her heavy heart. Nevertheless Gudrun could not weep. . . . Then spake Goldrand, Guiki's daughter: 'Thou knowest not . . . how to comfort the young wife.' She bade them uncover the king's body, and swept the sheet from off Sigurd. . . . 'Look on thy love, lay thy mouth to his lips as if thou wert clasping thy living lord.' Gudrun cast one look upon him. She saw the king's hair dripping with blood, his keen eyes dead, his breast scored by the sword. Then fell she on the pillow, with loosened hair and reddened cheek; her tears trickled like raindrops down to her knees"—(tr. Vigfusson and Powell).

See (Chambers) Scott's version in The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I., ix., x.

There is another version of the song published in A Selection from the Works of A. T., 1865, reprinted in Van Dyke and Chambers.

Metrical form. The poem is made up of four quatrains of four-accent trochaic lines with alternate rimes—a b a b.

5.—"SWEET AND LOW."

Theme. A hullaby.

Treatment. The poet has wrought out the theme most picturesquely. Study the pictures suggested—at home and away from home.

Metrical form. The poem is made up of two eightline stanzas of trochaic measure. This trochaic measure is treated freely—the light syllable is occasionally omitted, its place being taken by the pause, or rest, and at times an additional light syllable is used. The lines are four-accent alternating with three-accent, closing with a five-accent line. Mid rimes are used in 1.3. The end rimes are a bab, a a b x, with repeats instead of rimes at will. Note the lyric effect of the abundant liquids and open vowels. Study the effect of the pauses in giving the berceuse effect. There is a popular musical setting of the song, by Barnby.

Another version of this song is printed in A. T., A Memoir, I. 255. Also Van Dyke, Poems of Tennyson, p. 320.

Page 34. l. 6.—dying moon. The reading of 1850 was dropping moon.

6.—ASK ME NO MORE.

Theme. The woman's reluctant yielding to the power of love.

Treatment. The poem gives, as it were, the woman's answer to her lover's appeals for love. And her answer takes three aspects, each of which is expressed in a stanza. In the first stanza, she refuses his appeal; she is not like sea or cloud, responsive. In the second stanza, she is doubtful—facing the dilemma of possible solutions—her lover's pain, his death, or her own relenting, which has now begun. In the third stanza she has yielded fully. Notice the different implication, in each stanza, of "Ask me no more."

Metrical form. The poem is made up of three stanzas, each of four five-accent iambic lines, followed by a refrain of two accents. The initial foot of each stanza and refrain shows trochaic inversion. Note the lyric element of repetition, and the slow movement of the monosyllables.

- Page 35. l. 1.—the moon may draw the sea. The woman's concession of great influences and attractions in nature.
 - l. 2.—the cloud . . . fold to fold. Gathered close about.
 - l. 4.—O too fond. *I.e.*, my too fond lover, when have I, like sea or cloud, been responsive to thy appeals?
 - 1. 13.—river . . . main. Suggesting love and the larger life.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Composition and publication. Wellington died September 14, 1852. Tennyson was then living in the Chapel House, Twickenham, where the Ode was written. It was published on the morning of the Duke's funeral, November 18, 1852. It was revised and re-issued in 1853 (2nd ed.), and then further revised when it appeared as the fourth poem of the volume Mand and Other Poems, 1855, which is the final text (3rd ed.). The text here printed is that of the third edition. Earlier readings are noted from Rolfe's collation of the original issue, and my own of the second and third editions.

The theme. Arthur Wellesley, fourth son of the first Duke of Mornington, was born in 1769, some four months before Napoleon. He was gazetted ensign at the age of eighteen, and served as aide-de-camp to the lord lieutenant of Ireland for five years. His first engagement was in 1793 against the French in the Low Countries. Four years later he went to India, and his earliest papers show his breadth of view and the influence he at once gained. He did good service in putting down freebooting, bringing the country into order, and making roads and fortifications. Owing to this experience, he was put on the staff of the commanding general of the expedition sent to put down rebel Mahratta chiefs (Il. 98-100.) On August 23, 1803, he found himself at the village of Assve, or Assaye, with less than 10,000 men, of whom 5,000 were native. The enemy was forty thousand strong. Fully realising the importance in eastern warfare of promptness in assuming the offensive, he attacked with such fiery audacity that the victory was complete. After eight years' service in India he returned to England and became, for two vears, chief secretary for Ireland.

When in 1808 the Spaniards rose against Napoleon, Welleslev saw that it was England's best policy to distress France in Spain. British troops were sent to Gibraltar, where he found himself in command. His victories of Oporto and Talavera (1808-09) brought him a peerage; but fortune varied, the army lost faith in its general, and it was thought by many that the British would be forced to evacuate the country. Wellesley himself never despaired, but remained convinced that the policy of Bonaparte must collapse. He examined the country near Lisbon, and started, October, 1809, his defensive works (ll. 101-106), the lines of Torres Vedras. These works consisted of two chains of redoubts across twentyfour miles of rugged country, defending Lisbon and holding the Tagus open to the sea. These works were held from October, 1810, until March, 1811, when five thousand British troops were landed at Lisbon, and the French began their retreat. This was the turning point. In two years of fighting, the French were driven back across the Pyrenees (ll. 109-118), when Wellesley moved into France, and co-operating with his allies forced the abdication of Napoleon, 1814.

When, early in 1815, Napoleon returned from Elba (Il. 119-121), the four great powers declared that he had "handed himself over to public justice as an enemy and disturber of the peace of the world." Their armies moved on to France. Wellesley, in command of the British and Hanoverian forces, prepared to invade France from the north-west. He was in Brussels, arranging with Blücher for the safety of the city, when Napoleon appeared on the frontier with an army of excellent, but hastily organised troops. The actual battle of Waterloo began at noon on Sunday (l. 123), June 18, 1815, and after six hours' fighting the French gained no serious advantage, while by the middle of the afternoon the Prussians were pressing heavily on the French

army sent to keep them in check (ll. 128-130), At half-past seven o'clock, Napoleon made his last throw for victory; by nine o'clock the French army had dissolved, and Napoleon was in flight.

Wellington was lord high constable of England at three coronations, and served the country in the Cabinet (II. 174 175) and on foreign missions. He incurred great unpopularity by his opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832 and political reform generally, and was once threatened by the mob.

He died after a few hours' illness on September 14, 1852, and was buried on November 18, with unexampled magnificence, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London,

In stature, Wellington was five feet nine inches in height, spare and muscular in frame, with aquiline features and penetrating grev eyes. His chief characteristics were manliness and public spirit. The name of the Iron Duke (l. 229) is said to have been borrowed from a steamboat, but it attached itself to him by its fitness.

Treatment. Note Tennyson's point of view and see what it offers of dignity, solemnity, picturesqueness, and dramatic spirit.

"Whether for its metrical effects, for its brief, plain, stirring words of portraiture, as-he 'that never lost an English gun,' or, the soldier salute; or for the heroic apostrophe to Nelson, that ode has never been surpassed in any tongue or time. . . . It's one of our few English blood-boilers,"-R. L. Stevenson, Letters, I. 220f.

Metrical form. See note on the metrical form of The Ode to Memory.

Page 36. l. 1.—Bury the Great Duke.

1st and 2nd edd.

Let us bury the Great Duke.

l. 5.-mourning . . . fall.

1st ed...

"When laurel-garlanded leaders fall, and warriors, . . .

- l. 6.-Warriors. The pall-bearers were generals.
- 1. 8.—Where shall we lay. The 2nd ed. followed this by the line—

He died on Walmer's lonely shore.

- 1. 9.—Here, in streaming. Not in 1st ed. 2nd ed. read—But here, etc.
 - 1. 17.—mournful martial music. Cf. 1. 267 and note.

Page 37. l. 20.—Remembering all his greatness.

Our sorrow draws but on the golden Past.

- Il. 21, 22.—No more in soldier fashion. Not in 1st ed. "I never saw the Duke," said Tennyson, "but once: that was in St. James's Park, as he rode out of the Horse Guards. I lifted my hat, and he saluted me in quick military fashion" (Gordon McCabe).
- 1. 26.—Whole in himself. Cf. Horace, Sat. 11. vii. 86—in se ipso totus (Van Dyke).
 - 1. 27.—Amplest. 1st ed., largest.
 - 1. 28.—Yet clearest of. 1st ed., Yet freest from.
- 1. 35.—O good gray head which all men knew. Borrowed from Claudian, De Bello Gallico, 459-60. Disraeli in his speech respecting a public funeral for the Duke of Wellington, said:—"Who, indeed, can ever forget that venerable and classic head, ripe with time, radiant as it were with glory? 'Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit canities.'" Disraeli's oration achieved an immediate notoricty because one of its fine passages was borrowed from Thiers. Tennyson borrowed also Disraeli's statement that Wellington "captured 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun," which suggested ll. 96, 97 (Mustard).
- 1. 38.—tower of strength. A favorite comparison, used by Homer, Sophocles, the Bible (cf. Psalm viii. 2, Proverbs xviii. 10). Used of Wellington also by Palmerston (Van Dyke).

- 1. 39. -four-square. An epithet used by Simonides and Aristotle, fig. of the perfect man (Van Dyke).
 - l. 42.—World-victor. Napoleon.
- Page 38. l. 49.—cross of gold. The cross on the lantern crowning the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The church, built by Wren, is the third largest in Christendom. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, having over the centre a gigantic dome; the style is Italian. Like Westminster Abbey, it is a temple of the mighty dead. St. Paul's is the burial place of many naval and military officers; besides Wellington, Duncan, Napier, Howe, Collingwood, Nelson.
 - l. 55.—car . . . steeds. The bier was carried on a car drawn by twelve horses.
 - l. 56. bright . . . blazon'd deeds. Wellington's victories emblazoned in gold letters on the car.
 - 1. 59.—And a deeper knell. This line is not in the 1st ed.
 - l. 61.—dome of the golden cross. "The dominant feature of the design is the dome over the central area. It consists of an inner shell, reaching a height of 216 feet, above which rises the exterior dome of wood, surmounted by a stone lantern, the summit of which is 360 feet from the pavement."—Hamlin, History of Architecture.
 - 1. 64.—many a clime. See note on theme, above.
- Page 39. 1. 75.—civic muse. The muse mindful of the honour due those who had deserved well of the nation.
 - 1. 79.—ever-echoing. To 1873, ever-ringing.
 - ll. 80ff. Who is he. Note the dramatic value of these lines. Nelson was killed at Trafalgar but his body was brought to England and buried, with the honours of a public funeral, January 9th, 1806, in the crypt of St. Paul's.
 - l. 83. Seaman. Till after 1861, seaman. So, too, in 1. 134.

l. 91.—His foes were thine . . . free. 1st ed.,

His martial wisdom kept us free.

1. 92.—O give him welcome, this is he. 1st ed.,

O warrior-seaman, this is he.

1. 95.—For. Not in 1st ed.

1. 96. a hundred fights. See note, 1. 35.

Page 40. 1. 97.—Nor ever. 1st ed., and never.

1. 98.—This is he.

1st ed...

He that in his earlier day.

 1. 99.—Assaye. See note on theme, above. Assaye or Assye is in Hydrabad, India. The battle was fought September 23rd, 1803.

l. 101.—And underneath another sun. 2nd ed..

And underneath a nearer sun.

After this line the 1st ed. read-

Made the soldier, led him on, And ever greater and greater grew.

ll. 102-107. - Warring . . . anew. Not in the 1st ed.

1. 104.—treble works. See note to theme, above.

l. 110.—Back to France her banded swarms.

1st ed.,

All their marshals' bandit swarms.

1. 112.—Till o'er the hills her eagles flew. 1st ed.,

Till their host of eagles flew.

The eagle as symbol of France surmounted the regimental colours.

l. 113.—Beyond. 1st and 2nd ed., Past.

11. 115ff. - blare of bugle . . . Note the onomatopæia.

1. 118.—Such a close. This line in the 1st ed. was followed by—

He withdrew to brief repose.

- 1. 119.—Again. The return of Napoleon from Elba; see note to theme, above.
- 1. 121. barking. "Did you ever," asked Tennyson, 'hear an eagle bark?' This word exactly describes the sound the bird makes when angry" (Van Dyke).
- 1. 122. iron crown. Suggested by the famous iron crown of Lombardy.
- 1, 123.—loud sabbath. Waterloo; see note to theme, above.
- Page 41. 1. 129. jubilant ray. "The setting sun broke through the clouds and glittered on the bayonets of the allies" (Van Dyke).
 - 1. 133. In that world earthquake. Till 1874, world'searthquake.
 - l, 136.—silver-coasted isle. Cf.

This precious stone set in the silver sea, this England. Shakspere, Richard II., II. i. 46.

- 1. 137.—the Baltic and the Nile. The battle of the Baltic, April 1, 1801, against the Northern Confederation, destroyed the Danish fleet. The battle of the Nile, August 1st, 1797, destroyed the French fleet in Aboukir Bay.
- 11. 154, 155.—Thank him . . . storming showers. These lines were not in 1st ed. In 2nd ed., l. 155 read— His Saxon . . .
- Page 42. l. 157.—Of boundless love.

1st ed.

Of most unbounded reverence and regret.

- 1. 159. And keep it ours, O God, from brute control. Not in 1st ed.
- 1. 160.—the eye . . . of Europe . . . England. Imitated from the classical term of Athens and Sparta as the eyes of Greece.

- 1. 166.—ye help to. Added in the 2nd ed.
- l. 168.—And drill the raw world for the march of mind.

1st ed.,

And help the march of human mind.

- 1. 169.—at length. Added in the 2nd ed.
- 1. 170. But wink no more. Wink for sleep (fig.). Cf.

And you all know security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

-Shakespere, Macbeth, III. v. 32f.

These lines follow l. 170 in 1st ed.:

- "Perchance our greatness will increase; Perchance a darkening future yields Some reverse from worse to worse, The blood of men in quiet fields, And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace."
- ll. 171, 172.—Remember him who led . . . coasts. 1st ed.,

And O remember him who led your hosts; Respect his warning; guard your coasts.

2nd ed. l. 172,

. Revere his warning; guard your coasts.

The reference is to Wellington's insistence in 184-445 on repair of coast fortifications and increase of army and navy.

- ll. 181-185.—Who led the turbid stream . . . foe. These lines are not in 1st ed.; ll. 181, 182 were added in 2nd ed.; ll. 183, 184, 185 in 3rd ed.
- Page 43. l. 186.—Whose eighty winters. 1st ed., His eighty winters.
 - 1. 188.—Truth-teller was our England's Alfred. Alfred is called *reridicus*, truth-telling, in the *Life of King Alfred* by his contemporary Asser, Bishop of Sherborne. This title takes precedence in the record of the king's death of all his titles and glories. "Anno

Dominicae 900, Alfredus revidicus, vir in bello per omnia strenuissimus, rex Occidentalium Saxonum nobilissimus, prudens vero et religiosus atque sapientissimus."

- 196. Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars Wellington received innumerable orders and decorations; the Bath in 1804, the Garter in 1813; of foreign orders San Fernando and the Golden Fleece of Spain, Maria Theresa of Austria, St. George of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Sword of Sweden, and from Louis XVIII., after Waterloo, the order of St. Esprit set in diamonds. The sign of an order is usually a star.
- 1. 197.—And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn. Wellington was created Marquis of Wellington in 1812, with a grant of £100,000 for estates for him. On his return from the Peninsula he was created Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, and an annuity of £13,000, or in lieu of it a sum of £400,000 for purchase of estates was voted by parliament. After Waterloo an additional grant of £200,000 was made, and the King of the Netherlands created him Prince of Waterloo, with an estate which made him one of the largest land-owners in Belgium. Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, was also brought for him.
 - 1. 201.—island story. 2nd ed., island-story.
- 1. 202.—The path of duty was the way to glory. crystallising of the Iron Duke's own remark on being told that the word "glory" never occurred in his despatches. "If glory had been my object," he said, "the doing my duty must have been the means."-J. Cuming Walters, Tennyson, Poet, Philosopher, Idealist, p. 337.
- Page 44. l. 215.—the toppling crags of duty. (f. (Van Dyke) Simonides, frag. 41-" virtue dwells upon the rugged rocks." Cf. also-

But Duty see her stand, near you cliffs,
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy footsteps,
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm:
But she will guide thee up to noble heights.

-Scott, Woodstock, chap. iv.

l. 217.—moon and sun. Cf. Rev. xxi. 23. After this line the 1st ed. had—

He has not fail'd; he hath prevailed: So let the men whose hearths he saved from shame Thro' many and many an age proclaim At civic revel

Page 45. l. 241. Ours the pain. This line was added in 2nd ed.

ll. 251-253.—We revere . . . eternity. Added in 2nd ed.

l. 254. Uplifted high in heart and hope are we. 1st ed.,

For solemn, too, this day are we.

2nd ed.,

Lifted up in heart are we.

which the reading was, worlds on worlds.

255.—Until we doubt. 1st ed., O friends, we doubt.
 262.—world on world. So the ed. of 1861, before

ll. 266–270. — On $\operatorname{\mathsf{God}}\nolimits$. . . dust to dust. Not in 1st ed.

1. 267.—Hush, the Dead March wails. 2nd ed. reads, 'sounds' for 'wails.'

This is the Dead March from Handel's Oratorio of Saul. "The measured and decisive rhythm, and the simple diatonic harmonies, plainly indicate that a mighty nation deplores the death of a hero."

Page 46. l. 270.—Ashes to ashes. The words of the Burial Service, as the earth begins to fall.

l. 271.—He is gone. 1st ed., The man is gone.

 278.—Speak no more. Changed after 1861 from. But speak.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke describes Tennyson's reading of the Ode: "In the first two strophes, the movement begins with a solemn prelude and the confused sound of a mighty throng assembling. The third strophe is the Dead March, with its long, slow, monotonous, throbbing time expressed by a single rhyme recurring at the end of each line. The fourth strophe is an interlude: the poet, watching the procession, remembers the great Duke. In the fifth strophe the music is controlled by the repeated tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, and then by the volleying guns, as the body is carried into the church. The strophe closes with a broad, open movement which prepares the way, like an "avenue of song," for the anthem of strophes vi, vii, viii. It begins with a solo of three lines, in a different measure, representing Nelson waking . . The answer follows with the full music of organ and choir, celebrating first the glory of Wellington's achievements . . . closing with a burst of harmony in which the repetition of the word "honour" produces the effect of a splendid fugue. A great silence follows, and the ninth strophe begins with a quiet voice (Tennyson said, 'Here I thought I heard a sweet voice, like the voice of a woman'), singing of peace and love and immortality. The movement is at first tender and sorrowful, then aspiring and hopeful, then solemn and sad as the dust falls on the coffin, and at last calm and trustful in the victory of faith."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Composition and publication. This poem was written on December 2, 1854, "in a few minutes, after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase 'some one had blundered.'"—A. T., Memoir, I. 381. It was published in the Examiner, December 9, and again as a quarto sheet, August, 1855, for distribution among the soldiers before Sebastopol. It first appeared in book form in the volume Mand, and Other Poems, 1855. The final version with many changes appeared in the second ed. of Mand, 1856.

The theme. The Crimean war (1853-56) waged by England, France, and Turkey against Russia, centred in the siege of Sebastopol. The English made their head-quarters of stores at the little harbour of Balaclava, which thirty thousand Russians on October 25th, 1854, advanced to attack. The first part of the defensive works were held by Turkish recruits, who fled leaving seven English guns in the hands of the enemy. In the Battle of Balaclava thus brought on, there was the splendid and effective charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade (see Tennyson's Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava), and there was "the wild mistake" of the charge of the Light Brigade under Cardigan. On the whole the battle went against the Russians.

The circumstances of the charge of the Light Brigade were these: The Russians were posted on three sides of an oblong along the North Valley; their formation was as it were "the hand of a man with two centre fingers held back and the other two fingers extended." Their forces were disposed along the heights (the fingers), called Causeway Heights and Fediokine Hills, and across the end of the valley (the knuckles) were a Don Cossack battery, behind which were the Russian cavalry. Altogether it was a hostile line over a mile in length.

1.53

Lord Raglan desired to strike at the Russians on Causeway Heights, and sent to Lord Lucan, by Captain Nolan, the order:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns [i.e., those captured from the Turks]. Troops of horse-artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate. R. AIREY."

Lord Lucan, who received the order, blundered in the point and road of the attack. He thought it meant that he was to attack the Russian guns, which could be reached only by advancing for more than a mile ("half a league") through the valley, exposed to the cross fire of the protruded columns and the front fire of the Cossack battery. He selected Lord Cardigan and his Light Brigade (13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers) to make the attack. Lord Cardigan pointed out the technical difficulties of the attack. Lord Lucan said, "There was no choice but obey." Lord Cardigan quietly turned to his people : "The brigade will advance." Captain Nolan, when he saw the squadrons advancing on what he knew was a mistaken order, tried to change their direction, but was killed by a Russian shell. On the Fediokine Hills the Russian gunners, the massed riflemen on Causeway Heights, the artillery at the end of the valley, all opened fire on the galloping Brigaderound-shot, grape, rifle-balls made the valley a "pen of fire." The Brigade, terribly reduced, reached the guns, sabred the gunners, threw the Russian cavalry behind into retreat. Wheeling about, Colonel Shewell with 70 men, swept back through 300 Russian lancers that had stretched a living bar to their return. Joined by others they began the retreat, under the same cross-fire they had before passed through. What was left of 673 men after the half-hour's havoc was 195. The French general Bosquet looking on summed it up: C'est magnifique: muis ce n'est pas la guerre. (It's splendid, but it isn't war.)

The full account, which this summarizes, may be read in H. W. Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. 2, ch. xxi., xxii. A map of the region of the charge with the disposition of the forces is given on p. 508 (Harper's ed.).

Metrical form. The poem is made up of six stanzas; each stanza has six to twelve lines; these are disposed in two parts, each closing with a short line or "wheel," the second short line being a general refrain; the measure is irregular—in general a three-accent line made up of a dactyl and two trochees, with two accents in the wheel.

"I once ventured to ask where he got the metre of The Charge of the Light Brigade, a metre of which I only knew one other instance, in Drayton's Battle of Agincourt. He said he did not take it from that, but the Times, in giving the account, said 'Some one had blundered.' He said he kept saying that to himself and the words kept on sounding in his head, and made the metre of the poem; and, indeed, as it was first printed, the line occurs twice. 'For up came an order which someone had blundered' being afterwards omitted."—Reminiscences by Wm. Franklin Rawnsley, in Memories of the Tennysons, by H. D. Rawnsley, p. 139.

- Page 46. Title—Light Brigade. A brigade is a body of troops made up of two regiments. The cavalry are called light or heavy, according to their weight of horses and men and equipment. The Guards are heavy, the Lancers and Hussars are light.
- Page 48. l. 34.—Cossack. The Cossacks are a mixed race, occupying the wildest districts on the lower Don, Dnieper, Caucasus. They have furnished soldiers, especially light irregular cavalry, since their incorporation in Russia from 1654.

THE BROOK.

First publication. The volume containing Mand, published in 1855, contained also The Brook: An Idyll, for such was its title in the early editions. The poem has scarcely been changed since this first publication.

Its theme. The original of *The Brook* is expressly denied by the poet to have been the brook at Somersby, which flows into the sea, and has not 'here and there a grayling': but it no doubt supplied many charming suggestions that have been incorporated in the lyric. The bell-ringer and sexton of the two churches, Somersby and Bag Enderby, "bore out the fact of the love the Tennyson lads had for the brook. He did not remember whether they were fishers or not, but he knew that he often, as a boy, had seen them down by that sinuous stream, the pastoral rivulet that swerves in the pleasant meadows which still feed the flocks as they fed the mothers of the Somersby flocks two generations of men ago,"—Rawnsley, *Memories of the Tennysons*, pp. 44f.

"'Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,' was the poem more especially dedicated to the Somershy stream, and not, as some have supposed, 'The Brook,' which is designed to be a brook of the imagination."—A. T., Memoir, I. 3.

The influence of Goethe and Burns can be seen in the "Song of the Brook." See note to l. 22.

The treatment. The *motif* of the poem is the inevitable change in human life, brought with sad but not morbid feeling into softened contrast with the relative permanence of nature.

Lawrence Aylmer, returned to his English home after twenty years of absence in India, seated on the stile, revolves the memories of his old life. He thinks of his dearest brother, the poet Edmund, who left England

when he did, but left it only to die; of the brook he loved. now prattling before him, and of the poem Edmund wrote describing it. As the poem sings its way through his memory, Lawrence recalls the scenes and persons associated with the stream, - the old farmer Philip Willows, his pretty daughter Katie, and James Willows, her betrothed; how, too, he had once carried off old Philip. and endured the torment of his endless talk, so that the lovers might make up a lovers' quarrel. He thinks how time has scattered all these,—old Philip now buried in the churchyard, and the happy lovers far off in Australia; when suddenly he looks up, and before him, a veritable Katie Willows, in form, face, and name, as he knew one twenty years before! How fresh the past streams back, what happy explanations follow, and with what joy old friends are again united!

The charm this poem has over its readers grows partly out of the people it presents, all instinct with personality, the talkative farmer, the sweet country girl,—these step out of real life into the pages, and issue from the pages before us. It grows partly out of the sweet happy love that pervades the poem like sunlight; partly, too, out of the tender melancholy of Lawrence Aylmer, touched by the pathos of eternal change, of the days that are no more, which like the autumn haze glorifies while it lessens the sunlight. But most of all it comes from the brook that ripples through Aylmer's thought and bickers down the valley before him, and goes on for ever in the poet's lines, calling back our own memories of what is most beautiful in nature, and recreating them with the glory and the freshness of a dream.

Metrical form. The poem is in narrative blank verse (unrimed iambic verse of five accents), through which flows, as it were, a lyric of iambic quatrains of lines of four accents alternating with lines of three, with alternate rimes, ab ab, -b being feminine.

- Page 40. 1. 2.—too late. To save his life from the malady threatening it.
 - l. 4. scrip. A commercial document equivalent provisionally for a certificate, showing that the owner holds bonds or shares in a financial concern; here standing for what the poet held his greatest wealth,
 - 1. 6.-how money breeds. Bears interest. In Ck., tokos, offspring, means interest. Cf. Shakspere,

"When did friendship take A breed of barren metal of his friend." -Merchant of Venice, i. iii.

There are still people who hold it wrong to take interest because they hold interest an unnatural thing.

1. 8. - The thing that is, etc. Having the poet's power to make airy imaginations seem realities. So in Shakspere, the poet's pen-

"Gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name. Midsummer Night's Dream, v. i.

- 1. 11. -flourish'd. An expression for the Lat. flornit, he flourished, the ordinary mode of expressing the time of greatest influence and renown in a famous man's life.
- l. 14. -mist of green. The painters love to portray the spring when first appear the leaves-call them not leaves, but a haze of green, not yet materialized into leaves.
- l. 16. -branding. Scorching. (The word is connected with 'burn,' which has methathesis of r from Teut. brinnan, to burn, past, bran.) Cf.

"Nor branding summer suns avail To touch thy thousand years of gloom." In Memoriam, ii.

1. 17. - Neilgherry (neel'gherry). The Neilgherry Hills (Sansk, nila, blue, giri, mountain) are in Southern India. They are of lofty elevation so that the climate is cool and delightful and the hills afford a favourite resort for invalids.

1. 19.—primrose fancies. Happy, spring-like. The primrose, the earliest flower of spring, became a synonym in Shakspere of 'gay,' as in

"Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads." -Hamlet i, iii

the boy. Edmund.

1. 22.—Whence come you? etc. There is much in the lyric following to suggest that from Goethe's poem of Das Bächlein Tennyson got the literary impulse for this unequalled brook-song. It is the well-known poem beginning

"Du Bachlein, silberhell und klar, Du eilst vorüber immerdar, Am Ufer steh ich, sinn' und sinn': Wo kommst du her? Wo gehst du hin?"

and the brook, why not? replies

"Ich komm aus dunkler Felsen Schosz," etc.

Both theme and metre are to be found in Burns's Halloween (Chambers)—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a well it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the mighty rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel."

1. 23.—hern. Heron, of which it is an archaic form. (Mid. Eng. hern, contracted from heron.)

coot. A wild aquatic bird, blackish in colour, haunting reedy places.

1. 26.—bicker. Lit. 'skirmish'; hence Mod. Eng. 'bicker,' quarrel. The skirmish with arrows, stones, etc., led to the word meaning 'rattling shower of blows,' and then to the brawling of a quick stream upon the stones in its bed. Cf. n. to l. 22.

"Unnumbered glittering streamlets played . . . That as they bickered through the shade."

-Thomson, Castle of Indolence, iii. 26.

"At the crook of the glen, Where bickers the burnie."

-Scott, Monastery, ix.

- Page 50. 1. 27. thirty hills, etc. The numbers present a picture, easy to realize, of many hills, thorps, bridges.
 - l. 29.—thorp. Hamlet, little village. This good English word (A.S. thorp) is still used in Tennyson's native shire.
 - 1. 37. -- more ivy. Than it had twenty years before.
 - Il. 39ff. I chatter, etc. The onomatopæic effects are wonderfully suggestive of every change in the brook's course.
 - l. 40.—In little sharps and trebles. 'Sharps' and 'trebles' here denote little shrill acute sounds, as in

"It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps." -Shakspere, Romco and Juliet, 111, v. 28.

and

"And now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft."

-Keats, To Autumn.

- 1. 43.—fret. Wear away. (A.S. fretan (=for-etan) eat up; not the same word as 'fret' in fret-work, which is from O.Fr. frete, L.L. ferrata, iron grating.)
 - l. 44.—fallow. A field lying untilled.
- l. 45.—fairy foreland. Tiny promontory. 'Fairy' has here the sense of dainty, diminutive, yet romantically beautiful, suitable to fairy-land.
 - set. Cf. Lotos-Eaters, l. 23.
- l. 46.—willow-weed. 'The name is provincial English for a variety of the *Polyg'onum* or knot-weed,' says the Century Dict. But Tennyson refers to the willow herb (*epilobium hirsutum*), the great hairy willow-herb, common by streams. 'Our stream-sides . . . receive an additional

ornament when, during July and August, this willowherb grows there in profusion. Most of the rills . . . and streams . . . and stagnant ditches can then boast this ornament. Often the purple blossom waving at a distance . . . invites the wanderer to some cool sequestered spot. The foliage is of greyish green tint, and the large blossoms are reddish purple."—Pratt, Flowering Plants, ii. 283.

"Gaudy Golden Flag,
Gleaming above like a magician's wand,—
And purple Willow-herb, and Violet,
The poet's pet, grew down beside the rill."
—Calder Campbell (who published in 1838).

mallow. The common mallow, flowering with open lilac blossoms from June to August, found

"in sedgy shallows Where docks, bulrushes, water-flags, and mallows Choke the rank waste."

(See Pratt, i. 275.)

- l. 54.—grigs. A cricket, or, as here, a grasshopper. (Probably the same word as *crick*, Dutch *kriek*, cricket.)
- Page 51. l. 58.—grayling. A fish with a large dorsal fin, in size between the trout and whitefish. It "haunts clear and rapid streams, and particularly such as flow through mountainous countries."—Pennant, quoted in Century Dict.
 - 1. 61.—water-break. The ripple made by the stream breaking upon a stone. Cf.

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks . . . And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks.

—Wordsworth, Sonnet.

- 1. 68.—of our century, yet most meek. An insinuation of the forwardness and mannishness of the modern girl.
- 1. 70.—lissome. Lithesome, lithe, supple. (The word is only a form of *lithesome*, which is from A.S. *lithe*, soft, gentle.)

- l. 71.--bashful azure. A condensed expression for 'bashful and azure.' Cf. 'flushing silence,' l. 105.
- 1. 72.—when the shell, etc. The touch of nature again is most exact.
- 1. 80.—a hoary eyebrow. The arch of the bridge under which you see the gleam of the low sky.
- 1. 82.—A random bar of Bonny Doon. A few notes of the music of Burns's song beginning.

" Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

The Doon is the Avrshire river.

Page 52. 1. 88.—woodbine. The honeysuckle.

1. 90.—Fresh apple-blossom. Referring to her beautiful pink hue. Note how the comparisons add to the idyllic charm, serving the double purpose of illustration and suggestion of country sights.

Tennyson uses great freedom in the adjectival use of nouns; cf. l. 71.

boon. Something asked as a favour. (O. Norse bōn, A.S. bēn, prayer.)

1. 93.—Who dabbling in the fount, etc. This is the strong presentation of the evils of reading novels that awaken emotions of love and pity, etc., which are satisfied by the course of the story, without prompting a single loving deed or act of pity. Thus the habit of novelreading brings about a weakening of the bond between our feelings and our acts, so that we grow sentimental towards suffering but remiss in active beneficence. So, too, people who talk over-much of projects of helping humanity are apt to grow satisfied with fine-sounding phrases. The evil is discussed by Ruskin, Of Queens Gardens, ¶ 76.

The philosophy is sound, but it is a foreign element in this idyllic picture. It is a digression for the sake of social science. fictive tears. Rising from merely imaginary ills. ('Fictive,' imaginary, feigned, from L. fictus, made.)

- 1. 94. mealy-mouth'd. Over-finespoken.
- 1. 98. -prest the cause. Pressed her to tell the cause.
- 1. 100.—Who anger'd James . . . snatch'd her eyes. "Katie's reception of the question seems to imply that the narrator, Laurence Aylmer, is the guilty party."—Rowe-Webb. One feels this explanation out of keeping with the characters. Katie was a sweet pretty girl and consequently loved to teaze her lover by pretending interest in other men; she knew she was to blame for the quarrel, and blushed her embarrassment and contrition.
- 1. 103.—wizard pentagram. The pentagram is a figure in the shape of a five-pointed star, which can be made with five straight lines. (Gk. pente, five, gramme, a line.) The figure was used in magical ceremonies, and was considered a defense against evil spirits.
- l. 104.—let my query pass Unclaim'd. Unclaim'd, unanswered, as if not belonging to her.
- Page 53. l. 118.—meadow-sweet. A plant of the genus Spirara. It is among the loveliest of English wildflowers. "Its white blossoms, tinged with yellowish green, are in crowded clusters, and are so light and featherly, that the slightest wind ruffles them... The stem is usually about two or three feet high... The blossoms of the Meadow-sweet appear in July and August, when they quiver beside many a stream... The fragrance in the open air is delightful."—Pratt, Flowering Plants, etc., ii. 173f.
 - 1. 123.—lanes of his wheat-suburb. The ricks of stacked grain, looking like outlying cottages of his farm-house.
 - 1. 127.—in session. Perched in rows, moving and cooing, resembling an assembly of parliament.
 - l. 128. Approved him, bowing, etc. 'Approve' is used

here as meaning 'confirm,' 'give one's assent to'; as in Shakspere,

"That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it."

—Hamlet, i, i,

The pigeons assented to the farmer's praises, bowing, etc.

- 1. 130.—shuddering. Shivering from the cold, as newborn.
- 1. 132.—Chase. Also written 'chace,' the unenclosed game preserve of a private owner. (O.F. chace, from chacier, to hunt.)
- 1. 134.—Twinkled the innumerable ear, etc. The deer are almost hidden in the underwood, revealing themselves only by the quick movement of ear and tail. Mr. Collins uses this line in illustration of Tennyson's "delight in substituting subtle suggestiveness for simplicity and directness of expression." making it represent "the flight of scared deer."

The metrical movement should not be passed over. Notice the added short syllable in the second foot and the weak stress in the third to indicate quick movement.

Twinkled the innumera - ble ear and tail.

And cf.

'Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn . . . And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

The Princess, vii.

Page 54. l. 144. - hung. Remained unsettled.

1. 144. -He gave them line. The metaphor is that of a fisherman taking his time, playing the fish till it is tired out, so that he may sure of it.

1. 146. bailiff. Man having charge and management of property for the land-owner.

Golden Fleece. An inn; the name has a forgotten reference to the object of the expedition of the Argonauts.

- 1. 154.--from the point. Away from the question in hand.
- 1. 156.—hand in hand. Ratifying the bargain by 'shaking hands on it.'
- 1. 157.—in sight of haven. Drew a breath of relief, seeing the end of the tiresome story.
- 1. 159.—coltish chronicle. The pedigree of the colt he had sold.
- 1. 166.—thrice as long. The sun had time to sink far down in the west during the story.
- Page 55. l. 171.—covers. Shrubbery, thicket, etc., affording a 'cover' for game.
 - l. 174.—slip . . . slide. Two favourite words with Tennyson.

gloom. To be darkly visible (cf. gloam-ing).

"Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine."
—Tennyson, The Voyage, l. 107.

glance. Sparkle. 'Gloom' and 'glance' depict the stream in shadow and sunshine.

1. 176.—netted sunbeam. 'Netted' is not "forming a network as it shines through the over-hanging branches."—Rowe-Webb. The light playing through the ripples shines on the sandy bottom netted by the shadows of the ripples. This pretty phenomenon should be noted in nature. Cf. Lowell.

"As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples On the yellow bed of a brook.

-The Changling.

- 180.—shingly bars. Shallows of gravel, beside deep quiet water.
- l. 181.—cresses. The water-cresses impeding the current.
- l. 189.—Arno. The Italian river on which stands Florence.

dome Of Brunelleschi (broo nel les' kē). The dome of

the cathedral of Santa Maria in Florence, the largest in the world. It was built by Filippo Brunelleschi (1377–1444), a famous Italian architect.

1. 194.—By the long wash, etc. Dr. Rolfe writes: "The poet is said to have specially prided himself on the sustained rhythmical quality of this line. Bayard Taylor thought it surpassed by Bryant's in *The Sea*,

The long wave rolling from the Southern Pole,
To break upon Japan."

l. 196.—breathes in April-autumns. 'In' is unaccented. This read in the early editions,

'And breathes in converse seasons,'

In either case the line denotes the reversing in the Southern hemisphere of the months which in the Northern distinguish the different seasons. Autumn below the equator, for instance, contains the month of April.

Page 56. l. 197.—So. Not 'so spake' (Rowe-Webb), but so . . . mused, 'l. 201.

1. 198.—rolling. Imitating the Latin- multa animo revolvens, rolling many things in mind.

l. 199.—waifs. Stray bits.

1. 200.—tonsured head. The head with the hair shorn or shaven, after the manner of the priests of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. In the former some hair is left in commemoration of the crown of thorns; hence, as here, poetically, having a bald spot like a tonsure. (L. tonsura, a clipping.)

forlorn. Lonely, having lost his kinsfolk and old friends.

1. 204. bindweed bells. Bindweed is the English name of plants of the genus Convolvulus, having a delicate bell-shaped flower.

"The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells."

-Wordsworth, Excursion, i. 1761.

briony rings. The tendrils of bryony or briony, a tall climbing plant.

- l. 207.—eyes a bashful azure, etc. The repetition from 97, 25ff. beautifully prepares us for the disclosure.
 - l. 212.—were. The less abrupt subjunctive, for 'is.'
- l. 217.—glimmering strangeness. A glimmering consciousness that his dream is a dream and not reality.

Page 57. l. 229.—But she. There are reserve and courtesy beneath the change of pronoun. One notices also that Katie does not mention her father, so that there is the vague suggestion of his death, leaving in the imaginative mind the thought that Lawrence Aylmer, who unconsciously had loved Katie Willows and lost her, might now find her.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Composition and publication. The circumstances of the composition of Enoch Arden are fully given in the Tennyson Memoir. Tennyson himself said: "Enoch Arden (like Aylmer's Field) is founded on a theme given me by the sculptor Woolner. I believe that this particular story came out of Suffolk, but something like the same story is told in Brittany and elsewhere."—A. T., Memoir, II. 7.

"It took him," said Hallam Tennyson, "only about a fortnight to write Enoch Arden, within a little summer house in the meadow called Maiden's Croft, looking over Freshwater Bay and toward the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down making his lines, and then wrote them in his MS. book on the table of the summer house which he himself had designed and painted."—A. T., Memoir, H. 7. See p. 91, illustration.

It was published in the volume, Enoch Arden, etc., by Alfred Tennyson, 1864.

Theme and treatment. The theme of the poem is simple. Indeed, the original title of the volume containing it was Idylls of the Hearth. It aims to tell a pathetic story in humble life—a sailor's life, his happy marriage, his shipwreck and unexplained absence, his wife's second marriage, his home return, and pathetic self-abnegation till death. "It is the Odyssey of humble mariners" (Lyall).

Such a theme was suited to the author of *Michael*, rather than to the author of *The Lotos-Eaters*. While *Enoch Arden* has, by virtue of its theme, become one of Tennyson's most popular poems ("perhaps, with the exception of *In Memorium*, the most popular of his works,"—Hallam Tennyson), it does not represent him in his essential genius. He either forces the note of

simplicity—the biblical diction is obviously assumed and unnatural—or he gives the simple in the garb of the unusual or the ornate. When Tennyson wishes to say, for instance, that Enoch the fisherman carried fish in a fish-basket to the Hall, where they are fish on Fridays, what he actually writes is:—

"Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier
Far as the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering."

"The true spirit of Tennyson was not found in such slight elements as Sea Dreams and Enoch Arden. His delicate touch and his sensibility were squandered and ill-spent among the sordid seaside lodgings, or low fishermen's huts upon the beach. Tennyson lacked the delicate art of M. François Coppée whenever he has approached subjects which lack beauty in themselves. In trying to adorn the scene he has obliterated its characteristic features. He has had no keen dramatic insight into a sordid situation: his art is thrown away on such coarse canvases."—Arthur Waugh. On the other hand, Sir Alfred Lyall speaks of it as "an excellent piece of work, which for sincerity of feeling, distinctness of outline, and restraint in language, may be matched with the poem of Dora."

The truth is, that the poem has made the judicious grieve, yet, in spite of its doubtful method, it has won a wide popularity with a multitude of readers, because of its homely theme and human sympathy, its scenic beauties, its ethical spirit, and its simple pathos.

Study should be made of the ways in which Tennyson seeks to give unity of impression to the theme and the treatment—his diction, homely, biblical, and nautical, his figures. Notice, too, the effect of the repeated lines in suggesting the inevitableness of the story, and his suggestions of tragic anticipation.

Metrical form. The poem is in blank verse (five-accent unrimed iambic). Variety is afforded by the frequently trochaic inversions in the opening foot, and after a cesura, and by a free disposition of the cesura, which means rhythms of varying length.

Page 58. l. 1.—Long lines of cliff. "Tennyson widens his prospect, giving it distance and air by a sky-line."—Lyall. "It opens with a description, clear and accurate as a photograph, of the little seaport Deal (Kent), where foam and yellow sands are seen in the chasm-broken cliffs, where red roofs cluster about a narrow wharf."—J. Cuming Walters, Tennyson, Post, Philosopher, Idealist, p. 145.

"Go to Deal, and you will see precisely such a shore." --Bayne.

But note the remark in the *Memoir*. "Next day we landed at Clovelly, and he thought it one of the most beautiful places he had seen. It reminded him of Enoch Arden's village . . . He did not think of any particular village when writing the poem."—A. T., *Memoir*, II. 341.

Note the various elements in the scene depicted that are involved in the story that follows.

breaking. The trochee after the cesura suggests the idea.

- 1. 3.-red. The colour of the tile.
- 1. 7.—Danish barrows. Burial mounds of ancient Danes. (A.S. beory, hill, place of burial, cf. -burg, -boro').
- l. 16.—lumber. Stuff discarded from human use (cf. lumber-room).
- ll. 24-36.—keeping house. Note the motif of this scene—the prelude of the story. Annie's words (l. 36) are dramatic irony.
- Page 60. 1. 67.—prone. Extended, stretched out, —seeming so from its thin, scattered trees.

- l. 68.—feather. To become a fringe.
- 1. 75.—like a wounded life. So Shakspere makes Benedick speak of Claudio: "Alas! poor hurt fowl! now will be creep into sedges."—Much Ado, II. i. 211.
- l. 80.—merrily. Note the irregularity of the metre and its effect.
- Page 61. l. 94.—osier. Willow, the long shoots of which are used for making baskets.
 - 1. 96.—market-cross. A cross erected in the market-place. Market-crosses were first built as religious memorials. The structure on which the cross was built often served as a stand for preaching. Many such crosses are still to be found in old English towns.
 - 1. 98.—portal-warding lion-whelp. The carved figure of the lion-cub on the gate-posts at the entrance to the manor-grounds.
 - 1. 99.—peacock-yewtree. The yew-tree, an ever-green tree of dark, dense foliage, clipped into the fantastic shape of a peacock.
 - Hall. The manor-house of the squire, the chief landed proprietor of the district.
 - l. 100.—Friday fare. Fish. Meat could not be eaten in Roman Catholic or High Church households on Friday, a fast day.
- Page 62. 1. 123.—boatswain. (bōt'swān or bōsn). The foreman, as it were, of the sailors; through him orders are transmitted.
 - 1. 131.—isles a light. The shadow cast by the mischance became of little moment, for all was bright beyond; it was like the shadow of a cloud when it falls upon the path of sunlight in the water, yet leaves on the horizon's verge, as it were, a shining island of light.
 - offing. The visible sea in the distance. Note the use of nautical terms throughout the poem.

- Page 64. l. 175.- death-scaffold. This is one of many touches of tragic anticipation. Cf. 1, 212.
 - $\operatorname{\mathbf{shrill'd}}$. A favourite word in Tennyson's special vocabulary.
 - l. 181.—Ascending, etc. Note the onomatopæia.
 - l. 192.—keep a clean hearth. Fig. signifying readiness for and expectancy of his return. Cf. 1, 220.
- Page 65. 1. 212.—look upon your face. Cf. Acts xx. 38. 1. 222.—Cast all your cares. See 1. Peter v. 7.
- Page 66. 1. 224.—Parts of the morning. See Psalms exxxix. 7-9.
 - l. 226.—the sea is his. Psalms xev. 5.
 - 1. 240.-fix. Adjust to her sight.
 - 1. 244.—dip of the vanishing sail. Uf. "Tears, Idle Tears," stanza ii.
- Page 67. l. 249.—compensating. The older accent here —com pens' ating.
 - l. 265.—the voice of him who best could tell. Note the periphrasis as characteristic of Tennyson's style.
 - Il. 268f.—like the caged bird, etc. Note the onomatopæia. The simile naturally has occurred to others. Cf. Euripides, "For like a bird from the hands thou art vanished" (of the death of Hippolytus), Hippolytus, l. 827 (Webb).
- Page 68. l. 279.—Annie, seated with her grief. Cf. Shakspere, Kinų John, III. i. 73, "Here I and sorrows sit" (Webb).
 - 1. 282.—turned her own toward the wall. For the phrase, cf. Isaiah xxxviii. 2.
- Page 69. l. 318.—borne in on me. The more usual phrase is—pressed in on me.
 - 1. 326.—garth. A small piece of enclosed ground, usually beside a house or other building. The word is

still current in the eastern and northern dialects of England (Murray). (Icel. yardhr, garden, yard.)

Page 70. l. 337.—conies. $(k\tilde{o}'n\tilde{e})$. Rabbits. (Lat. cuniculus, rabbit).

1, 340.—whistled. Refers to the wind in the sails of the windmill.

Page 71. 1. 370.—the prone edge. Cf. 1. 67.

1. 376.—whitening hazels. Showing the pale green underleaf when moved.

Page 75. 1. 477. — Like serpent eggs together. "Marwood brought me a lump of snake's eggs, and I picked out carefully two little embryo snakes with bolting eyes and beating hearts." From letter of Alfred Tennyson's, A. T., Memoir, I., 406.

Il. 491f.—the holy Book . . . to find a sign. One of the many forms of superstitious divination. In ancient times they drew omens from poets' verses, especially Homer and Virgil. In subsequent times the Bible was substituted for the poets. The augury was determined by the interpretation of the passage that first met the eye when the book was opened.

l. 494.—Under the palm-tree. See Judges iv. 5.

Page 76. l. 500.—Sun of righteousness. Malachi, iv. 2. ll. 500-502.—these be palms. See Mark xi. 8-10 and John xii. 12, 13; also Revelations vii. 9, 10.

1. 507.—merrily rang the bells. See 1. 80 and note.

Page 77. 1. 527.—the summer of the world. The tropics. 1. 538.—sea circle. A vivid suggestion of the appearance of the horizon to those on board a ship at sea. Cf. "spheres of sea,"—Locksley Hall, 1. 164.

l. 539.—full-busted figure head. A figure or image, either a head or bust of full length, usually carved from wood, but in some recent vessels of hollow cast bronze, carried at the prow of ships. The custom is very ancient.

Here the figure-head the "Good Fortune" was no doubt the full bust of Fortuna.

Page 78. l. 561.—death-in-life. A living death. Cf. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and his Epitaph—

"That he who many a year with toil of breath Found death in life, may here find life in death!"

11. 568ff.—The mountain wooded to the peak. "Mark the sharpness of outline, the lucidity and completeness of this, the description of the island."—Dixon.

l. 570.—coco. The cocoa (-nut) palm. It rises sixty to ninety feet before spreading into its great tuft of leaves.

1. 572.—convolvulus. Strictly used, the word signifies a twining herb of the bindweed family, found in temperate and subtropical countries.

1. 577.—the kindly human face. Cf. Milton's lament on his blindness—

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine."

—Paradise Lost, iii. 40ff.

1. 580.—the league-long roller, etc. When Tennyson was reading *Enoch Arden*, he told Miss L. to listen to the sound of the sea in the line.

Page 79. Il. 590ff.—the blaze, etc. Note the effect of the anaphora.

Page 80. 1. 609.—the ringing of his ears. Cf. 1. 507. Note the exciting of tragic suspense. "Mr. Kinglake told me that he had heard his own parish bells in the desert on a Sunday morning when they would have been ringing at home: and added, 'I might have had a singing in my ears, and imaginative memory did the rest.' —Alfred Tennyson, in A. T., Memoir, H. 8.

- l. 631.—filled the shores With clamor. Cf. Virgil, Georgies, iv. 460—"filled the very mountain peaks with their crying" (Mustard).
- Page 81. l. 657.—ghostly wall. The chalk cliffs of England, especially around Dover.
- Page 82. l. 664.—home—what home? Imitated from Shakspere. Othello, after killing Desdemona, breaks out,—

My wife! my wife! What wife? I have no wife.

Othello, v. ii. 97.

- 1. 671.—holt. A wood or wooded hill (archaic). (A.S. holt, a wood; cf. German Holz, wood.)
- tilth. Land that is tilled (archaic). (For derivation compare words like stealth.)
- 1. 688.—timber-crost antiquity. Of half-timbered architecture. In this kind of building the timbers of the construction or framework of the house are seen from without; the spaces between are filled with brick or plaster. Many timber-work buildings from Elizabethan times still exist throughout England.
- Page 84. 1. 725.—the bird of passage. Any migratory bird. It frequently happens that birds of passage are found to have dashed themselves against lighthouses at night.
 - 1. 733.—shingle. Coarse sand and gravel on the seabeach.
- Page 85. l. 762.—things seen are mightier. A common idea in classical literature. Mustard refers to its occurrence in Herodotus, Lucretius, Horace, Seneca, etc.
- Page 86. l. 793.—burthen. The burden or refrain. (Fr. bourdon, the drone of the bagpipe.)
- Page 87. l. 799.—fountains of sweet water in the sea. Springs of fresh water are found in the sea in the West Indies, off the coast of Florida, and off the Hawaiian Islands.

1. 803.—enow $(\bar{e} n \bar{o}')$. A doublet of enough. (The A. S. $\bar{o}h$ had a double development; cf. plough, tough, etc.).

Page 90. l. 894.—in bliss. Bliss has here the special meaning of Paradise. Cf.

> The path to bliss abounds with many a snare. —Cowper, Truth, l. 301.

l. 898.—made such a voluble answer. When Tennyson was reading *Enoch Arden* aloud, he told Miss L. to mark Miriam Lane's chatter in this line.

1. 904.—a calling of the sea. "The calling of the sea is a term used, I believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings thro' the timbers of the old houses of the haven."—Alfred Tennyson, in A.T., Memoir, II. 8.







APPENDIX.

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Long have I pined for thee, Land of my infancy; Now I will kneel on thee,	
Hill of Lochiel! Hill of the sturdy steer, Hill of the roe and deer, Hill of the streamlet clear, I love thee well!	5
When in my youthful prime, ¹Correi or crag to climb, Or tow'ring cliff sublime, Was my delight; Scaling the eagle's nest,	10
Wounding the raven's breast, Skimming the mountain's crest, Gladsome and light. Then rose a bolder game—	15
Young Charlie Stewart came, Cameron, that loyal name, Foremost must be! Hard then our warrior meed, Glorious our warrior deed, Till we were goomed to bleed By treachery.	20
Then did the red blood stream; Then was the broadsword's gleam Quench'd, in fair freedom's beam No more to shine:	25
Then was the morning's brow, Red with a fiery glow; Fell hall and hamlet low, All that was mine. Far in a hostile land,	30
Stretch'd on a foreign strand, Oft has the tear-drop bland Scorch'd as it fell	35

¹ A circular hollow on a mountain side.

Once I was spurned from thee, Long have I nourished thee, Now I'm returned to thee, Hill of Lochiel!

—James Hogg.

EVEN-SONG.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and see How I lye here, sometime a mighty knight. The end of joye and all prosperitee Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte. After the daye there cometh the darke night, For though the daye be never so long, At last the bell ringeth to even-song.

-S. Hawes.

5

15

RESPICE FINEM.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on; Judge not the play before the play is done: Her plot has many changes: every day Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns a play. —Francis Quarles.

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon How can ye bloom sae fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird, That sings upon the bough; Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
10

For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,

And ilka bird sang o' its love; And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree; And my fause luver staw the rose,

But left the thorn wi' me.

-Robert Burns.

35

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie Long fields of barley and of rye, That clothe the wold and meet the sky; And thro' the field the road runs by To many-tower'd Camelot; And up and down the people go, Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below, The island of Shalott.	5
Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Thro' the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river	10
Flowing down to Camelot. Four gray walls, and four gray towers, Overlook a space of flowers, And the silent isle imbowers The Lady of Shalott.	15
By the margin, willow-veil'd, Slide the heavy barges trail'd By slow horses; and unhail'd The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd Skimming down to Camelot:	20
But who hath seen her wave her hand? Or at the casement seen her stand? Or is she known in all the land, The Lady of Shalott?	25
Only reapers, reaping early In among the bearded barley, Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly, Down to tower'd Camelot:	30

And by the moon the reaper weary, Piling sheaves in uplands airy, Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy Lady of Shalott.'

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day A magic web with colours gay. She has heard a whisper say, A curse is on her if she stay To look down to Camelot. She knows not what the curse may be, And so she weaveth steadily, And little other care hath she, The Lady of Shalott.	40
And moving thro' a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near Winding down to Camelot: There the river eddy whirls, And there the surly village-churls, And the red cloaks of market girls, Pass onward from Shalott.	50
Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot or an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes thro' the mirror blue The knights come riding two and two: She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.	5 5
But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights, For often thro' the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights And music, went to Camelot: Or when the moon was overhead, Came two young lovers lately wed; 'I am half sick of shadows,' said The Lady of Shalott.	65 70
A bow-shot from her bower-eaves, He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,	75

And flamed upon the brazen greaves. Of bold Sir Lancelot. A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd To a lady in his shield,	
That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott. The gemmy bridle glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see	80
Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily As he rode down to Camelot: And from his blazon'd baldric slung A mighty silver bugle hung, And as he rode his armour rung, Beside remote Shalott.	85 90
All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather, The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together, As he rode down to Camelot. As often thro' the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott.	95
His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode, As he rode down to Camelot.	10.0
From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror, 'Tirra lirra,' by the river Sang Sir Lancelot.	105
She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces thro' the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume, She look'd down to Camelot.	110
Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott.	115

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complainin Heavily the low sky raining Over tower'd Camelot;	g, 120
Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left afloat, And round about the prow she wrote The Lady of Shalott.	125
And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seër in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance— With a glassy countenance Did she look to Camelot. And at the closing of the day She loosed the chain, and down she lay; The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.	1 30
Lying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right— The leaves upon her falling light— Thro' the noises of the night She floated down to Camelot: And as the boat-head wound along The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song, The Lady of Shalott.	140
Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darkened wholly, Turn'd to tower'd Camelot. For ere she reach'd upon the tide	145 150
The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott. Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high, Silent into Camelot.	155

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Out upon the wharfs they came,	
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,	160
And round the prow they read her name,	
The Lady of Shalott.	

Who is this? and what is here?	
And in the lighted palace near	
Died the sound of royal cheer;	165
And they cross'd themselves for fear,	
All the knights at Camelot:	
But Lancelot mused a little space;	
He said, 'She has a lovely face;	
God in his mercy lend her grace,	170
The Lady of Shalott.'	

-. 11fred Lord Tennyson.

PROUD MAISIE.

(Song from The Heart of Mid-Lothian.)

Proud Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,	5
When shall I marry me?'' "When six braw gentlemen	
Kirkward shall carry ye."	

"Who makes the bridal bed,	
Birdie, say truly?''	10
"The gray-headed sexton	
That delves the grave duly.	

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone	
Shall light thee steady. The owl from the steeple sing,	15
'Welcome, proud lady.'	1.0

-Sir Walter Scott.

"LIFE MAY CHANGE, BUT IT MAY FLY NOT."

(Song from Hellas.)

Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, but can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed,-but it returneth!

Yet were life a charnel where Hope lav coffined with Despair; Yet were truth a sacred lie, Love were lust-if Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light. 10 Hope its iris of delight, Truth its prophet's robe to wear. Love its power to give and bear. -Percy Bysshe Shelley.

5

5

A SONG.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day, With night we banish sorrow, Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft, To give my love good-morrow. Wings from the wind, to please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow; Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing To give my love good-morrow. To give my love good-morrow. Notes from them all I'll borrow. 10

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast, Sing birds in every furrow, And from each bill, let music shrill, Give my fair love good-morrow: Black-bird and thrush, in every bush, 15 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow, You pretty elves, amongst yourselves, Sing my fair love good-morrow. To give my love good-morrow, Sing, birds, in every furrow. 20

-Thomas Heywood.

"WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES."

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate: Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5 Featured like him, like him with friends possest, Desiring this man's art and that man's scope. With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on thee—and then my state. 10 Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate: For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

-William Shaksnere.

FIDELE.

(Song from Cymbeline.)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

—W. Shakspere.

DREAM-PEDLARY.

If there were dreams to sell.

What would you buy?

Some cost a passing bell;

Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang his bell,
What would you buy?

10

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptered race! Ah, what the form divine! What every virtue, every grace! Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

—Walter Savage Landor.

FINIS.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife. Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art: I warm'd both hands before the fire of life; It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

-Walter Savage Landor.

5

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North	
Sing the glorious day's renown,	
When to battle fierce came forth	
All the might of Denmark's crown,	
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;	5
By each gun the lighted brand	
In a bold determined hand,	
And the Prince of all the land	
Led them on.	

Like leviathans afloat	10
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;	
While the sign of battle flew	
On the lofty British line:	
It was ten of April morn by the chime:	
As they drifted on their path	15
There was silence deep as death;	
And the boldest held his breath	
For a time.	

But the might of England flush'd To anticipate the scene;	20
And her van the fleeter rush'd	-
O'er the deadly space between. "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each	onin
From its adamantine lips	gun
Spread a death-shade round the ships,	25
Like the hurricane eclipse	
Of the sun,	

Again! again! again! And the havoc did not slack, Till a feeble cheer the Dane To our cheering sent us back: Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—	30
Then ceased—and all is wail,	
As they strike the shatter'd sail;	2=
Or in conflagration pale Light the gloom.	35

Out spoke the victor then As he hail'd them o'er the wave, "Ye are brothers! ye are men! And we conquer but to save:— So peace instead of death let us bring: But yield, proud foe, thy fleet With the crews, at England's feet,	40
And make submission meet To our King.''	45
Then Denmark blest our chief That he gave her wounds repose; And the sounds of joy and grief From her people wildly rose,	
As death withdrew his shades from the day: While the sun look'd smiling bright O'er a wide and woeful sight, Where the fires of funeral light Died away.	50
Now joy, old England, raise! For the tidings of thy might, By the festal cities' blaze, Whilst the wine cup shines in light;	55
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,	60
Let us think of them that sleep Full many a fathom deep By the wild and stormy steep, Elsinore!	00
Brave hearts! to Britain's pride Once so faithful and so true, On the deck of fame that died With the gallant good Riou: Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,	65
While the billow mournful rolls And the mermaid's song condoles Singing glory to the souls Of the brave!	70
-Thomas Campbell.	

AN ODE.

Quiet! the trembling Merchant cries, Into Ægean Scas driven far: When the Moon winks, and he descries	
No guiding star. Quiet! in war the Thracian bold; Quiet! the Medes with quivers dight; Not to be bought with gems, nor gold, Nor purple bright!	5
For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops, ('an tumults of the mind remove, And cares, which about fretted roofs Hover above.	10
His little's much, whose thrifty board Shines with a salt that was his sire's: Whose easy sleeps nor fears disturb Nor base desires.	15
Why in short life eternal care? Why changing for another Sun? Who having shunn'd his native air, Himself could shun?	9()
Take horse, rude Care will ride behind; Embark, into thy ship she crowds: Fleeter than stags, and the East-wind Chasing the clouds.	
Let masing the clouds. Let minds of any joy possest Sweeten with that whatever gall Is mixt. No soul that ere was blest, Was blest in all.	25
The fam'd Achilles timeless died, Old Tithon did his bliss outlive, And Chance, what she to thee denied	30
To me may give. A hundred flocks about thee bleat, And fair Sicilian heifers low; To thee large neighing mares curvet:	35
In scarlet thou, Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate Gave me a grange; a versing vein; A heart which, injur'd, cannot hate	
But can disdain. -Horace, Odes, II. xri., tr. Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608-1668)	40

"

COUNTY GUY.

	0001,11	0.02.0		
, (S	ong from Quenti	n Durward.)		
The sun	or Guy, the house has left the less flower perfum	а,	,	
The lark h Sits hush Breeze, bir	ze is on the se is lay who thri led his partner d, and flower c re is County Gr	lled all day nigh: onfess the ho	our,	5
Her shep. To beauty	e maid steals therd's suit to he shy by lattice whom Cavalie	near; high,		10
The star of Now reig And high a	Love, all star ms o'er earth a and low the inf re is County Gr	s above ind sky; luence knowi		15
OH! SNATCI	H'D AWAY IN	BEAUTY'S	BLOOM.	, 1
On thee shall be on the transfer of the transf	away in bear all press no por urf shall roses es, the earliest I cypress wave	nderous tomb rear of the year;		5
Shall sorro And feed dee And linger	on blue gushin w lean her dro p thought with ing pause and as if her step	oping head, many a dre lightly tread	,	10
That death Will this unt	now that tears nor heeds nor each us to com ne mourner weep	hears distre-	ss:	
And thou-w	ho tell'st me t	o forget,		15

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—

Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us Lost all the others she lets us devote: They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver, 5 So much was theirs who so little allowed; How all our copper had gone for his service! Rags-were they purple, his heart had been proud! We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him. Lived in his mild and magnificent eve. Learned his great language, caught his clear accents, Made him our pattern to live and to die! Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley, were with us,-they watch from their graves! He alone breaks from the van and the freemen. 15 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves! We shall march prospering—not through his presence: Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre; Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence. Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire: Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more, One task more declined, one more footpath untrod, One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,

Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his own;

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us.

One wrong more to man, one more insult to God! Life's night begins: let him never come back to us! 25 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain, Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait u Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

Never glad confident morning again!

-Robert Browning.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S.

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!

I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;

But altho' I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.

What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

Ah, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call . . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where

they kept the carnival:

I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,

When they make up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—

On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,

O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

Well, and it was graceful of them: they'd break talk off and afford

—She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword,

While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

What? Those lesser thirds, so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?" 20

Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last we can but try!"

- **Were you happy? '- 'Yes. 'And are you still as happy?' 'Yes. And you?'
- "Then, more kisses!"—"Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?"
- Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!
- So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
- "Brave Galuppi! that was music; good alike at grave and gay!
- I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"
- Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
- Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
- Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.
- But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve.
- While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
- In you come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.
- Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
- "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
- The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.
- "Yours, for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
- Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
- Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop, 40 Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and

folly were the crop:

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too-what's become of all the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old. 45

-Robert Browning.

5

TO MARGUERITE.

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh, might our marges meet again!

Who order'd that their longing's fire Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd? 20 Who renders vain their deep desire?—A God, a God their severance ruled! And bade betwixt their shores to be The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

—Matthew Arnold.

5

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH."

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10 Far back, through creeks and inlets making, Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Arthur Huah Clough.

"OH, GOOD GIGANTIC SMILE O' THE BROWN OLD EARTH."

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you;
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

-Robert Browning.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd	
Among the mountains by the winter sea;	
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,	
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their Lord,	
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,	5
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,	
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,	
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,	
A broken chancel with a broken cross,	
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.	10
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one	
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.	
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:	
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all	
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights	15
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep	
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we	
Shall never more, at any future time,	
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,	
Walking about the gardens and the halls	20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.	
I perish by this people which I made,—	
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again	
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,	
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm	25
That without help I cannot last till morn.	
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,	
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how	
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm	
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,	30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,	
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across	
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:	
And, wheresoever I am sung or told	
In aftertime, this also shall be known:	35
But now delay not: take Excalibur,	
And fling him far into the middle mere:	
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'	
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:	
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,	40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.	
A little thing may harm a wounded man	

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full.	
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.	
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept	45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,	
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,	
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang	
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping dow	. 1)
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,	50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.	
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,	
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,	
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth	
	55
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:	و، ر،
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,	
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work	
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long	
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,	
This way and that dividing the swift mind,	60
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd	
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd	
There in the many-knotted waterflags,	
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.	
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.	65
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:	
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?	
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'	
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:	
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,	70
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'	
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:	
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,	
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd	
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:	75
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,	1 "
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.	
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.	
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again	
	80
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing	30
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'	
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time	
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,	
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;	
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,	
How curiously and strangely chased he smote	

His palms together, and he cried aloud,	
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,	
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,	
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,	90
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.	
What good should follow this, if this were done?	
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,	
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.	
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand	95
An act unprofitable, against himself?	
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.	
What record, or what relic of my lord	
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath	
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,	100
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,	100
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,	
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,	
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.	
	105
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps	1(%)
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."	
So might some old man speak in the aftertime	
To all the people, winning reverence.	
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'	110
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,	110
And hid Excalibur the second time,	
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.	
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:	
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'	
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:	115
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,	
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'	
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:	
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,	
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!	120
Authority forgets a dying king,	
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye	
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,	
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,	
In whom should meet the offices of all,	125
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;	
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl	
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.	
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,	
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:	130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,	
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'	
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,	
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged	
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,	
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brane	1
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,	
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in ar arch,	1
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,	
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock	140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.	
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:	
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm	
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,	
	145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.	
And lightly went the other to the King.	
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath	:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.	1=0
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'	150
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:	
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems	
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,	
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die, Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,	155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.	190
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;	
But when I looked again, behold an arm,	
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,	
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him	160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.	1 ().)
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:	
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.	
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,	
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear	165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'	
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,	
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,	
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes	
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere	170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,	
And would have spoken, but he found not words,	
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee.	

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands, And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King, Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick! I fear it is too late, and I shall die.' 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge, Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd, Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad. 185 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right The bare black cliff clang d round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon. Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice an agony Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes, Or hath come, since the making of the world. Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens 205
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept. But she, that rose the tallest of them all And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands, And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops	215
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls-	
That made his forehead like a rising sun	
High from the daïs-throne-were parch'd with dust	
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,	
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his	3
lips.	220
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;	
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,	
From spur to plume a star of tournament,	
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged	
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.	225
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,	
'Ah, my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?	
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?	
For now I see the true old times are dead,	
When every morning brought a noble chance,	230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.	
Such times have been not since the light that led	
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.	
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved	
	235
Which was an image of the mighty world;	200
And I, the last, go forth companionless,	
And the days darken round me, and the years,	
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'	
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:	0.10
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,	240
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,	
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.	
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?	
I have lived my life, and that which I have done	
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,	245
If thou shouldest never see my face again,	
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by	r
prayer	
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy	
voice	
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.	
For what are men better than sheep or goats	250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,	
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer	
Both for themselves and those who call them	
friend?	

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.	255
But now farewell. I am going a long way	
With these thou seëst-if indeed I go-	
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)	
To the island-valley of Avilion;	
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,	260
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies	
Deep-meadow'd, happy fair with orchard-lawns	
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,	
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'	
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail	265
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swa	n
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,	
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood	
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere	
Revolving many memories, till the hull	270
Table 11 and block det against the warse of down	-10
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,	
And on the mere the wailing died away.	
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.	

"DE GUSTIBUS." Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees, (If our loves remain) In an English lane, By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies. Hark, those two in the hazel coppice-A boy and a girl, if the good fates please, Making love, say,-The happier they! Draw yourself up from the light of the moon, And let them pass, as they will too soon, With the beanflower's boon, And the blackbird's tune, And May, and June! What I love best in all the world Is a castle, precipice-encurled,

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,

Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,	
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,	
By the many hundred years red-rusted,	
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,	25
My sentinel to guard the sands	
To the water's edge. For, what expands	
Before the house, but the great opaque	
Blue breadth of sea without a break?	
While, in the house, forever crumbles	30
Some fragments of the frescoed walls,	
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.	
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles	
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,	
And says there's news to-day—the king	35
	00
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,	
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:	
-She hopes they have not caught the felons.	
Italy, my Italy!	
Queen Mary's saying serves for me-	40
(When fortune's malice	
Lost her, Calais)	
Open my heart and you will see	
Graved inside of it, "Italy."	
Such lovers old are I and she:	45
So it always was, so shall ever be!	
-Robert Browning.	

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that the sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed: And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10 Look on my works, ve Mighty, and despair!" Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away. -Percy Bysshe Shelley.

f. wind

THE BUOY-BELL.

5

How like the leper, with his own sad cry Enforcing its own solitude, it tolls! That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals. To warn us from the place of jeopardy! O friend of man; sore-vexed by Ocean's power The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day; Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray, Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour: High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild-To be in danger's realm a guardian sound: 10 In seaman's dreams a pleasant part to bear, And earn their blessings as the year goes round; And strike the keynote of each grateful prayer, Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child. -Charles Tennyson-Turner.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Lockslev Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from vonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade.

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. 10

- Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
- With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;
- When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed:
- When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:
- When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see:
- Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.-
- In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
- In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
- In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove:
- In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
- Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
- And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.
- And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
- Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'
- On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
- As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.
- And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
- All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they would do me wrong;'

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all sons have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, 45

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—

Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

('ursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

('ursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish, that which bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?

('an I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils; this is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on p the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O. I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part, With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—

Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy selfcontempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy; wherefore should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,

Eager hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

- For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
- Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
- Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails.
- Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
- Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
- From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
- Far along the world-wide whisper, of the southwind rushing warm,
- With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
- Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
- In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
- There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
- And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.
- So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry.
- Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;
- Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
- Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:
- Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
- Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowlydying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs.

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his

The the deep heart of existence beat for ever like (a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore.

And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast.

Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn. 145

They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain-

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain: 150

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine.

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine-

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat:

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evilstarr'd;— 155

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,

Or from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space:

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun; 170

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbow of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books--

APPENDIX.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains, 17:

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid sayage—what to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time-

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one.

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all n.y fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt.

('ramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Lockslev Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow:

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

-Alfred, Lord Tennuson,

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness, Thou foster-child of silence and slow time, Sylvan historian, who canst thus express A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme: What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape Of deities or mortals, or of both. In Tempe or the dales of Arcady? What men or gods are these? What maidens loth? What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape? What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on; Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd, Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone: Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 15 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare: Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss, Though winning near the goal-vet, do not grieve; She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, Forever will thou love, and she be fair;

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu; And, happy melodist, unwearied. For ever piping songs for ever new; More happy love! more happy, happy, love! For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd, Forever panting, and for ever young; All breathing human passion far above.

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and clov'd. A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?	
To what green altar, () mysterious priest,	
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,	
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?	
What little town by river or sea shore,	35
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,	
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?	
And, little town, thy streets for evermore	
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell	
Why thou are desolate, can e'er return.	40
O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede	
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,	
With forest branches and the trodden weed;	
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought	4 =
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!	45
When old age shall this generation waste,	
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe	
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,	
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all	
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.	50
-John Keats	

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